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THE BURIAL OF GARFIELD!

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BEAUTY'S TRIBUTE TO DEATH.

A SCENE IN NEW YORK CITY WHICH WAS REPEATED THROUGHOUT THE LAND WHEREVER WOMAN BOWS UNDER THE NATION'S LOSS.



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THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the *POLICE GAZETTE* with any other illustrated publication. Ask for the

POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
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NEW YORK.

THE *POLICE GAZETTE*'s series of Famous Criminals has received an addition in the shape of a handsome book, entitled "Guiteau's Crime, being the full History of the Murder of President Garfield, with a complete Secret Biography of the Assassin." It has been carefully compiled from official sources, and apart from its historical value, forms one of the best books ever offered to the public. It contains one hundred and twenty-eight pages, and is profusely illustrated with the finest engravings. The engravings alone form a complete pictorial history of the crime and its subsequent incidents, and are worth many times the price at which the book is offered. It also contains accurate portraits of the late President, his wife and his aged mother, as also a striking portrait of the assassin. The whole forms a beautiful memento of the terrible tragedy. It is published by Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and is now for sale, price 25 cents; by mail, 30 cents.

An aged man, afflicted with catalepsy, has been placed in jail at Hadlyme, Conn., on complaint of two married daughters, for failing to support his family, the youngest member of which is twenty-four. His case arouses a great deal of sympathy and indignation in the town, and he would be instantly released, if he did not decline to be liberated by anybody but his daughters. It is probable that if more "strap-oil" and less hair oil had been used in the education of the daughters, they would not have acted in such a contemptible manner. As it is, it will prove a good thing for the young men of the town, and should induce them to refrain from taking unto themselves a wife from that family. The prospect of arrest and imprisonment on a charge of failure to support, if adverse winds should strike the matrimonial bark, is not an inducement to marriage.

GUITEAU says that the Lord is responsible for his murder of James A. Garfield, and that he (Guiteau) was but the humble instrument of the Almighty. Perhaps, but then Guiteau will have hard work to convince the people of that fact, and it is very probable that the "humble instrument" and not the Almighty will suffer for the crime.

THE *Boston Post* expresses our views when it says that "the hanging of Guiteau in effigy is as satisfactory as making faces at a blind man."

A QUEER MURDERER.

For several years past there has been a growing feeling among lawyers and laymen that trial by jury is a farce. No matter what it was in the good old days of our daddies, say these wisecracks, in the present time it is but a parody on justice, a delusion and a snare. Without discussing the question, in one recent case at least the verdict of "guilty," rendered by "twelve good men and true," is correct, and for the statement that it is correct we have the assurance of the most interested party, to wit: the defendant. We refer to the case of Edward Earl, who was tried last week in Hamilton county, New York, on a charge of murdering his wife, and is sentenced to be hanged on the 14th of October next. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he replied: "I don't feel that I could say anything now other than to thank the jury for the verdict. I believe they have done right; I believe I have had a fair, square trial all the way through." We believe that this is the first case where a man on trial for his life coincided with the jury which found him guilty. And it is more especially strange, since the condemned man is not a braggart, but a quiet, gentlemanly person, who expresses his thoughts in well-chosen language. It is somewhat difficult to conceive of a person looking forward with any degree of pleasure to a marriage with the hangman's daughter, yet it would seem that Earl regards it with as much anticipated joy as an ordinary individual does with horror. Earl is not insane, either, but on the contrary appears to be somewhat of a philosopher. When asked by the surprised judge if death had no terrors for him, he replied that he looked upon death as the greatest blessing that could overtake him. "It is life," he said, "that has been a curse to me." How many men and women are there in this broad land who will not echo that sentiment, and sympathize with the feeling which prompts it? Life, to many, is a terrible struggle, and the grave seemingly extends to such a sweet welcome, a deep sleep, and an ending to sorrow, to bitter disappointment and to strife for daily bread. One tired mortal, who by his own act severed the slender thread of life, not unpoetically expressed it by his epitaph, "I am weary, and like a little child seek rest in the lap of my mother—earth." Earl further said that he had done all in his power to secure his conviction, and that he was willing to plead guilty and save the county the expense of the trial. This certainly was kind of him, but probably some of the farmer taxpayers of that vicinity will wonder why he did not kill himself as well as his wife. Had he done so, it would have saved the expense, and gratified his desire for death, some time ago. Such a course would have been more considerate in him, beside avoiding the question as to whether or not his present conduct does not make the legal officers aiders and abettors in his suicide, and not the instruments for avenging the offended majesty of the law. It would seem as though it did, but then this is compensated in the fact that Mr. Earl sets a shining example to all other murderers, and affords them a precedent they would do well to follow. It also has a tendency to quiet the present agitation about the jury system and to strengthen a failing faith in that ancient institution.

PUNISH THE PLACE-SEEKERS.

The sad death of General James A. Garfield should teach a strong lesson to the American people—the lesson of the evils of patronage. The miscreant through whose instrumentality the noble life was sacrificed, is but a type of a class which is rapidly growing and which should be as rapidly done away with. This country cannot afford to be cursed with the presence of the professional office seeker. They are as dangerous to the nation's welfare as are the Nihilist to the good government of Russia, or the Communist to the safety of

France. Their whole life is devoted to feeding at the public crib. To this end they devote all their energies, and they are only happy when drawing their sustenance from the public treasury. When out of a public position they importune those who have the making of appointments, and hound their friend's friends and acquaintances for letters of recommendation. They are a public nuisance, and as such should be indicted. They are of no service to the community, and instead of contributing one iota to the general welfare, they detract from it. Morally, if not legally, they are on a level with the thieves and cut-throats. Both classes act on the principle that the country owes them a living and they are determined to secure it. Of the two classes the criminals are preferable, for they infringe on the rights of the individual, and run the risk of punishment, while the place-seeker, more cowardly, violates the rights of the nation. So long as such persons are permitted to go unpunished so long will the chief magistrate of the nation be liable to be the object of the place-seeker's wrath.

THE kneeling of the old negro by the coffin of the late President and his utterance of a rude prayer, was one of the most touching of the many incidents which occurred while the remains were lying in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. Verily, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

GUITEAU, according to Warden Crocker, is growing fat. What a feast the worms will have!

BETROTHED AND BETRAYED.

A Young Girl Seduced by Her Lover and Left on the Town.

Some ten days ago, a young lady named Miss Edwards disappeared mysteriously from her home in St. Joseph, Mo., at midnight, and no one knew where she had gone. Inquiry was made in St. Joseph, but to no purpose, and after a short time the search was given up. Last Saturday the family of the girl became convinced that she was in that city, and her brother searched for her. The police headquarters were visited, and a description of Miss Edwards given to the officers. Officer Boyles immediately recognized the description as that of a girl whom he had seen during the past week at Madame Thornton's ranch, on Main street. He repaired at once to that place and demanded an interview with the misguided girl. The officer kindly told her what his mission was, and that she must go home with him. She did not want to go at first, but finally burst out crying and said she would go. She is a young girl, about sixteen years old, good looking and very intelligent. In reply to a question from the officer as to what made her seek such a life, she said she ran away from home with a young man who had promised to marry her. Before her dream of happiness was consummated, however, the faithless lover had overcome her scruples, and then cruelly shoved her into the street. He told her the best thing she could do was to go to Madame Thornton's, and not knowing where to turn, she went to that hovel of sin and entered upon a life of shame. She was there but one short week when she was rescued as above described. Her brother took her home, and it is to be hoped for her own good that she will remain there in the future. As for her betrayer, he should be given no rest either here or hereafter.

FORCED TO VAMOOSE.

Two Hundred Enraged Women Right the Wrongs of a Wife.

The other evening quite a sensation was created at what is known as the City Hotel, in Warren Ohio. Sometime during last Friday the proprietor turned his wife and baby out of doors and instituted in their stead a lady of loose morals with her child. The next evening about half-past eight, about two hundred, or maybe less, Welsh women appeared on the scene, for the purpose of administering tar and feathers to the frail one, as was said. The wife had returned to the hotel with her baby and the husband, whose affections had been alienated, drew a revolver on her. The entire police force went to the seat of war with Chief of Police Parker at the head, and succeeded in a manner in dispersing the women so that the frail one was out of danger. The proprietor ordered his horse and buggy, which was driven up to the back door, and Chief of Police Parker aided the proprietor to remove a trunk belonging to the lady he had introduced into his household, to some place across the street, and kept the crowd back until the proprietor could load his lady-love into a buggy, and they drove away together amidst the shouts of the crowd.

SEASONING.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

"That butter is too fresh," as the man remarked when the goat lifted him over the garden fence.

"Mama, I'm almost discouraged. How many times have I told you not to say tater, but potater?"

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the fall fashions. She's got the delirium trimmings."

An old negro cook says: "Sass is powerful good in everything but children. Dey needs some other kind of dressing."

One of Sitting Bull's daughters is named "The-war-is-over." However, it may break out again as soon as she is married.

"Twenty years ago," says a colored philosopher, "niggers was wuf \$1,000 apiece. Now dey would be deah at \$2 a dozen."

"Why is a young man like a kernel of corn?" asked a young lady. "Because," answered another, "he turns white when he pops."

A LANDLADY was complaining that she couldn't make both ends meet. "Well," said a barter, "why not make one end vegetables?"

A PUBLIC conveyance in Illinois is called the "Emma Abbott." Lovers who ride in it may enjoy an Emma Abbott stage kiss. What a long drawn bus it must be.

"JONES, if a burglar should get into your house, what would you do?" "I'd do whatever they required of me. I've never had my own way in that house yet."

"Mama," said he, and his voice was singularly low, "will you be my wife? Will you cling to me as the tender vine clings to the—" "Yes, I catch on," said she.

"My boy," said a conscientious teacher, "do you know the reason I am going to whip you?" "Yes," replied the hopeful; "I suppose it's because you're bigger than I am."

"I NEVER ARGUE agin success," said Artemus Ward. "When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I hear off to the left and say to myself, that hole belongs to that snake."

A WESTERN exchange, of a profane turn of mind and dissolute character generally, says: "Jay Gould is said to be 'rail mad.' Eli Perkins is 'rail mad,' spelled backwards."

MR. G—, a clergyman, being recently absent from home, his son, of four years was asked to pronounce the blessing. "No," he replied; "I don't like the looks of them taters!"

WHEN a rural resort landlord thinks a city man is putting on too many airs, he merely says, as he hands him the key to his room at night: "Be careful to turn out the gas; don't blow it out."

A GOOD-NATURED traveler fell asleep in a train and was carried beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke, isn't it?" said a fellow passenger. "Yes, but a little too far-fetched," was the rejoinder.

THE "utterly utter" kind of talk has infected the street gamins, one of whom, after picking up a more than usually fragrant cigar stump, exclaimed to his friend, "Jack, this is quite too positively bulky."

A CHICAGO fortune teller advertises to answer these interesting questions for a dollar: "Do you wish to know is he true? Is he rich? Is he a marrying man? Shall I be happy? If not, shall I be a widow?"

"THERE was a young man from Savannah,
Who carried a temperance bannah;
A cinnamon bud
He used as a cud
Whenever he called on his Hannah."

GEN. LEE is said to have asked a straggler whom he found eating green persimmons if he did not know they were unfit for food. "I'm not eating them for food, general," replied the man; "I'm eating them to draw up my stomach to fit my rations."

YOUNG KEEPTUP says his mother-in-law is like a Fenian torpedo, she goes off when he isn't touching her. "Bless your soul," said his neighbor, O'flidri, "my mother-in-law is like a Quaker gun, she's been with us ever since last May, and you can't make her go off."

AFFECTIONATE mother (to her son)—"Why do you cry Johnny? What has hurt you?" Johnny (crying more lustily than before)—"Because I fell down and hurt myself yesterday." Mother—"Yesterday? Then why do you cry to-day?" Johnny (bawling at the top of his voice)—"Oh, 'cause you weren't home yesterday."

SOME time ago the *Reno (Nev.) Gazette* announced: "Charles T. Bender offers a special premium to a lady exhibiting a baby most resembling him." There must have been some trouble about this announcement, for now the *Gazette* corrects itself as follows: "Ten dollars to the lady exhibiting a child most resembling her."

"I MUST say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle, as she looked about her in the new home of the Spankingtons. "Now look at that great, elaborate framed mirror. I declare I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities, Miss Pringle," remarked Fogg, the villain.

"WHY, how odd you look with your hair parted in the middle!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "I used to part mine on the side," said Mrs. Jones. Then the conversation became general. Each lady had to tell how she parted her hair—all but little Edith's mother. She said nothing. Suddenly little Edith's voice was heard. Said she: "My mamma parts her's in her lap."

"Were you drunk?" asked his honor of a prisoner who had been found in the gutter. "Were I drunk?" "Yes," "Well, the last thing I remember was seeing the City Hall tower leaning over within a foot of my head, and I squatted to get of the way. If the tower is down I was sober; if it is up there yet I admit that I came awful near having an attack of the vertigo."

"LOOK here, Uncle Mose, you ought to shoot dat dog. He is gwine to hab hydrophobia sure," said Jim Webster. Uncle Mose, somewhat alarmed, asked what were the symptoms. "He am afeared to drink water. Dat am a certain sign." "G'way, fool nigger! You haint drunk no water yerself in de last ten years, and you haint bit nobody yit. Does ye want me to take a gun and shoot bofe of ye becase ye don't drink water?"

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FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE RULED THE WORLD.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

This pension, however, was not regularly paid, and Leon undertook to accelerate matters by denouncing his mother as a bigamist. He claimed that she had married the Count de Luxbourg without legal evidence of the death of her second husband—whose body was not recovered after the battle of the Moskwa—and that, having committed a criminal offense, she was no longer competent to minister or enjoy her estate, which was that which Napoleon had settled on her when she married Col. Saussaye. The court indignantly refused to entertain his case, which came up for the last time in 1847. Maitre Marie represented with electrical eloquence the destitution of the Luxbours in their old age, and poured out a fiery flood of denunciation on the heartless and greedy son, while Maitre Cremieux endeavored to show the wrongs that Leon had suffered, and his care for Revel, who, but for him, would have died of hunger. The result was a judgment for the mother, and the case was never revived.

Leon lived, thenceforth, in the misery he deserved. He had tried to identify himself with every political party in the chaos which succeeded 1848, but all united in repudiating him.

At the inception of the Second Empire he fondly hoped that his name and birth would reopen to him hearts and doors his misconduct had shut against him. But he reckoned without his host. Neither the Emperor, whom he called his "cousin," nor the ex-King Jerome, whom he called "uncle," nor his other "cousin" of the left hand, De Morney, whose boon companion he had been, nor his half brother, Walewski, who had made for himself so different a destiny, would entertain friendly mention of his name. A few old friends of the Napoleonic dynasty opened their purses to him, till that most zealous servant of the new fortunes of the Bonapartes, the duc de Persigny, from the funds of his department, provided Leon with a pension that enabled him to support the family he had created (irregularly); a family to which, dying in 1857, he bequeathed nothing but misery.

His mother survived him ten years. She died in Munich in 1867. It is an odd coincidence that, in the same house in which she began her amour with Napoleon I., Napoleon III., who bought it in 1848, and re-opened the passage his uncle had made between it and the Elysee palace, quartered his mistress till 1860, when the opening of the Rue de l'Elysee swept it away. It was in this building, by-the-by, then called the Hotel Sebastian, that the Duchess de Praslin was murdered by her husband on August 18th, 1874.

What a completion of the gloomy personal history of the upstart Emperor and his descendants this story of the vilest and most worthless of them complete!

Napoleon I. died at St. Helena; Napoleon II. perished in Austria, without even the name that belonged to him, since he was called the Duke of Reichstadt; the bastard of the empire gave up the ghost like a contemptible cur; Napoleon the III. ended his life at Chislehurst, dethroned and almost forgotten; Napoleon IV. perished in a savage skirmish in South Africa.

After all, the star of the Bonapartes destiny was a more sombre one than that of many a beggar whom they ruled.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM PALACE TO ROYAL.

Josephine Ordz in 1848 was young, beautiful and fascinating, a central figure in the brilliant society of Pesth, the Hungarian capital, in which her father's (Count Ordz's) rank and wealth placed her, and her own exceptional charms of mind and person made her conspicuous. A short time ago her bruised body was stretched out in the San Francisco morgue, naked, for the lack of some friendly or pitying hand to throw over it even the poorest mantle charity could grant to misfortune.

Born on the estates of her father in Southern Hungary in 1830, she was sent in early childhood to one of the convents where the daughters of the Hungarian nobility are carefully and thoroughly educated. She had entered the gay society of Pesth and was enjoying the triumphs of her first season's numerous conquests when Hungary revolted against the rule of the Austrian Emperor. Her father's house was foremost in the ranks of those most loyal to Austria, and Josephine, who, with her beauty, talents and peculiar ability in political intrigue, was no mean ally in the days when women was a power in court politics, would have ranged herself with her father's

cause except for an influence more potent than loyalty to kaiser or to kindred.

Among her suitors was Count Karaly, a dashing patriot, whose outspoken opposition to the Austrians had anything but favored his suit in the eyes of Josephine's parents. But she loved him.

At the outbreak of the rebellion it was clear that Count Karaly could not remain in Pesth. In the choice between the man whom she loved and the cause which her father advocated she obeyed the dictates of her heart, and agreed to fly with Karaly to England. While her resolve was yet unknown to her family, she was made aware of Karaly's intended arrest by the Austrians on a following day. She had only time to warn him. He fled from the city that night, reached Venice, was apprehended there by the Austrians and imprisoned. She followed him, and exerted her influence with the Austrian authorities at Venice for his release, but unsuccessfully. Austria had been guaranteed Russia's aid, and in the confidence that the rebellion would be quelled, arrogantly boasted that all high rebels would be punished. On the night before Karaly was to be returned to Pesth a prisoner, for trial on a charge of treason, he escaped from the prison in Venice.

Josephine had been unable to secure his discharge, but his escape was secretly assisted by an Austrian officer, who dared not openly do a favor to the rebel daughter of the Count Ordz.

Josephine and Count Karaly reached Paris in safety, were married, and lived happily together until his death, in 1850. The rebellion was over, but the young widow could not return to her father's house, as her marriage with a rebel had irrevocably estranged her from her family. Her husband's estate had been confiscated, and she found herself dependent upon her own resources for a living. Of all her accomplishments none had been so extravagantly praised as her singing. She adopted the name of D'Orme, which was probably that of her mother, a French woman, and, as Josephine D'Orme, made a brilliant debut on the operatic stage in Paris in the early part of 1851.

The Austrian authorities in Pesth forgave the once disloyal woman, who returned to the capital the reigning contralto star in all Europe. Her success during the following year, in all the European cities, is said to have been something phenomenal. A magnificent voice and figure and a beautiful face gained her fame and fortune, but only served to widen the breach between herself and her parents, who might have condoned her sin of disloyalty, but could never forgive the insult inflicted upon the family name and pride by the appearance of their only child as a public singer.

In 1852 Josephine joined the famous Mario-Grisi opera troupe, which was under engagement to Max Maretzek for an American tour, and early in 1853 made her first appearance in New York in the old Academy of Music, burned in 1865. How she was received in New York can be best told in the language of a resident of this city who saw her there and said to a *Chronicle* reporter:

"Even the great soprano, Grisi, suffered by comparison. Josephine had youth, beauty, voice, rank and a romantic history. The musicians pronounced her voice and method faultless, and her wonderful charm of manner and undeniably good birth carried her into society which few professionals have entered. She was the favorite of all favorites. Her audiences went perfectly wild over her. Why, sir, I have seen infatuated men tear off their rings, diamond pins, even watches and chains, and throw them at her feet, littering the stage with jewelry. Wherever she appeared these extravagant successes were repeated."

After her New York successes she departed for the tropics. After a tour of Cuba, Mexico and Central America she appeared in San Francisco in the Metropolitan Theatre in 1863. She came here from Costa Rica, Central America, with a baritone named Fallini, and applied to Signor Bianchi, then San Francisco's chief *impresario*, for an engagement. Both she and Fallini were engaged, and soon appeared in "Hernani," following in the "Barber of Seville" and "Lucresia Borgia."

If the woman of forty-three had been robbed even of a tinge of her personal charms, she had increased her power of fascination. Her artistic success in this city, however pronounced, was excelled by her individual conquests, and in her society numerous wealthy men are said to have gladly lavished fortunes. A resident of the Paris of the Pacific, who was a witness of her *debut* there and one of her admirers, observed to a *GAZETTE* correspondent:

"I remember her as she looked in 1863, big, bright dark eyes, plenty of color in her face, and a perfect form. It was unfortunate that she had already acquired the vice that brought her to that place you speak of—the Morgue. She would drink too much champagne, which we were all too willing to supply, perhaps. Her success would have been better established except for that. She appeared several times on the stage evidently too much exhilarated with wine. Poor woman! Every one liked her though, personally, you know. Ever hear about her being shipwrecked? That was a curious affair. She left here for Australia and was shipwrecked and cast ashore on a South Sea island."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE STOPPED TO PRAY,

And Another Man Married His Intended Bride, and Prayed After the Ceremony.

A genuine comedy in real life was played in Erie, Pa., last Wednesday. Mrs. Francis Kennedy is a buxom young widow twenty-five years old. Her husband died about a year ago from a fall. Six months ago William Cummings came courting her, and his attentions not being distasteful to the widow, she finally consented to marry him in twelve months and a day from the date of her first husband's death. The happy day fell on Wednesday, and the ceremony was to take place at the bride's house. A magnificent wedding feast was prepared, and about sixty guests were invited to partake of it.

The hour appointed for the marriage was set for at 6 P. M. In the forenoon the bridegroom elect arrayed himself in his best and went off to invite a few friends in the country, who had been forgotten. The afternoon mail brought a postal card from him, stating that he had conscientious scruples about marrying a woman so recently widowed. He would make it a matter of prayer, and would abide the result of his feelings when through. She was not to take this as a positive declaration to marry, but if he did not arrive at 6 o'clock P. M. she might consider the marriage off.

Mrs. Kennedy did not faint or go into hysterics, but she decked herself in her bridal robes and smilingly received the guests bidden to the feast. When the minister and all those with wedding garments had arrived, the lady called the meeting to order and read the recant Cummings' card. Loud and long were the denunciations of the absent groom's conduct. "This need not prevent the feast," said Mrs. Kennedy, and the guests fell to banqueting immediately.

After supper the room was cleared for dancing, and Mr. Washington Williams, an elderly bachelor, led the German with the bride. He became so enamored of her that within an hour he proposed and was accepted. The minister was recalled, and at 11 P. M. Kennedy was made Mrs. Washington Williams. The marriage had scarcely been performed when the door bell was rung violently and in stalked the conscientious Cummings. He had wrestled in prayer with the question, and had concluded to come back and marry. After being introduced to Mrs. Williams it was hinted to the broken-up Cummings that the lateness of the hour suggested the propriety of his going.

DREAM OF LOVE SHATTERED.

In the days of "Auld Lang Syne" a very diminutive and obsequious member of the masculine gender entered Beaver College, New Cumberland, W. Va., as a general tag and charity student. So very humble was this individual when spoken to that he would go through all the humiliating and embarrassing cur-like motions, in which Uriah Heap was supposed to be such an expert, and like that master dissembler, had a secret purpose in life, to which he bent all the energy of a small mind and large conceit; his ambition was to gain clerical honors, wear a silk tie, and win a large wife. There was going to the same school, from this town, a young lady of the upper ten, who would fill the latter bill exactly. Now this little bundle of self-esteem was too subtle to make any advances to her, but was contented to wait until he went through the polishing process of a theological school for a few years, then it would be simply a walk over. After having all the rough corners knocked off at an eastern seminary, our hero wrote the lady that he was coming home for vacation and asked permission to stop and visit her, to which proposition he received a ready assent; he came, he brought his gripsack and made them his host for a week and went home highly elated over his success. When here he made the acquaintance of one of the ministers to whom he confided his secret and afterwards wrote a number of letters asking him if she was religious, if she had a good temper and would make him a good wife, all of which questions young men are supposed find out for themselves. Now here lived at the house of this expounder of divine truth a maid-of-all-work who, with the usual curiosity of her sex, was overhauling the minister's correspondence to learn as much as possible of what she had no business to know and came across these letters of the young man. After devouring their contents she took them to the very person of all others the sender was most anxious should not see. On his return to school he hid himself across the river with a light heart and with an elastic step, climbed the bank and knocked at the door of the one he loved. It was opened by his prospective mother-in-law, who went for his hair in a lively style. He hastily sloped and she threw his letters after him. Thus ended his first dream of love.

AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A frightened steer, pursued by a crowd of men and boys armed with sticks and stones, ran up Broadway, near Twenty-ninth street, New York city, one day last week. When he reached Twenty-ninth street he turned toward Sixth avenue, appropriating the sidewalk on the south side of the street. Pedestrians darted into arcades or ran to the opposite sidewalk. The multiplying crowd hooted and pelted the

steer, which turned down Sixth avenue, taking a zigzag course, first on one and then on the other side of the street.

He ran through Twenty-seventh street toward the North River, where a man with a lasso joined in the chase. A man undertook to seize the animal's horns, but succeeded only in sitting down violently. When the steer reached Eighth avenue he was perfectly wild. He crossed and recrossed the avenue, driving men, women, and children to take refuge in dwelling houses and stores.

The sidewalk was crowded near McGrath's dry goods store, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, and the steer charged in that direction. Nearly two hundred people disappeared through the doors of the store, followed by the panting steer, which ran his horns through two panes of glass, knocked over several rolls of muslin, and then stood, in a dazed, statuesque attitude, in the middle of the floor.

The screaming of the women who had sought shelter under and behind counters, on the stairs, and in an adjoining room seemed to amaze the animal. A Mr. Leahy approached the steer from behind the counter and endeavored to seize his horns. This was a signal for renewed screaming on the part of the women. Mr. Leahy, when the steer lowered his head, changed his mind, and promptly sought the protection of the counter again. For fully five minutes the steer stood motionless in the middle of the store.

In the meantime a crowd of 500 persons had assembled at the door. Roundsman Nathaniel Dark, of the Twentieth street station, cleared a way through this crowd, and, going into the store, got behind the steer, and succeeded in turning him and getting him into the street. The animal was lassoed as he reached the sidewalk, drawn to a tree, and shot by the roundsman. He died quietly. It is thought that he escaped from an east side abattoir. No one claimed the carcass.

TRAPPED IN A FURNACE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At two o'clock last Wednesday morning, Roundsman Brady of the Mercer street, N. Y., station, arrested Charles Green and Charles Wilson in the cellar of the residence of Mrs. M. J. Andrus, at No. 20 West Ninth street. At 11 o'clock on Tuesday evening, the family having retired, Wm. J. Andrus, aged 30 years, the son of Mrs. Andrus, locked up the house and went to bed. Toward one o'clock he was awakened by footsteps in the hallway adjoining his room. He got up and went down stairs to see who was there. Andrus advanced noiselessly to the door of the cellar, from whence came the sound of retreating footsteps, which he both locked and bolted.

Roundsman Brady passed the house a few minutes later, and was called in. He obtained a light and went into the cellar. To all appearances no one was there. After a short search Wilson and Green were found hidden in the air-chambers of the furnace. Wilson had the upper part of his face concealed by a blue veil. He held a revolver in his right hand. Green grasped a hatchet. The roundsman told them that they were in a trap, and ordered them to throw up their hands. He then disarmed them. In the furnace were a dark lantern and a package of clothing and jewelry, worth several hundred dollars, which had been taken from rooms in the upper stories. Wilson admitted his guilt, while Green claimed that he was innocent. Justice Smith committed both for trial.

A DROP OF THE OLD STUFF.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At 8 o'clock last Friday morning Charles F. Crowley, a liquor dealer at Stapleton, L. I., while walking on the South Beach, discovered a man stretched on the sand. Mr. Crowley procured a rope and hitched the body to a post, and then notified Coroner Ambrose. The latter went to the beach, at which a crowd had collected mourning over the supposed dead man. The Coroner proceeded to examine the body for the purpose of ascertaining if there were marks of violence, and was astonished to perceive that the flesh was warm. Then he realized the fact that the patient was in a comatose state, and not dead, and he sent Mr. Crowley for some brandy.

When the liquor was brought the doctor directed that the man's face be bathed with it, and as Crowley endeavored to obey the instructions he was terrified by the action of the corpse, who seized the bottle and drank its contents. Then, with a derisive yell, he sprang to his feet and made a furious onslaught on Crowley, who fled in terror. It was subsequently ascertained that the "corpse" was a sailor who had been on a bout of drink for some weeks, and who lay down on the beach to cool off.

NED LYONS' SAFE.

When the expert burglar, Ned Lyons, was captured in South Windham, Conn., three months ago, while attempting to enter Williams & Johnson's store, he received two dangerous bullet wounds, one bullet passing through his body and the other penetrating his back several inches. His death was expected for several weeks, but he recovered so as to be presented in court recently, and pleaded guilty to an attempt at burglary, for which he was sentenced to State Prison for three years.



TOO MUCH OF A FIT.

WHY A FEMALE IN A ST. LOUIS, MO., COURT WAS UNABLE TO LEAVE THE STAND.



HE SMELLED THE WHISKY.

HOW A SUPPOSED CORPSE TERRIFIED A CORONER AND GOT A FREE DRINK; STAPLETON, S. I.



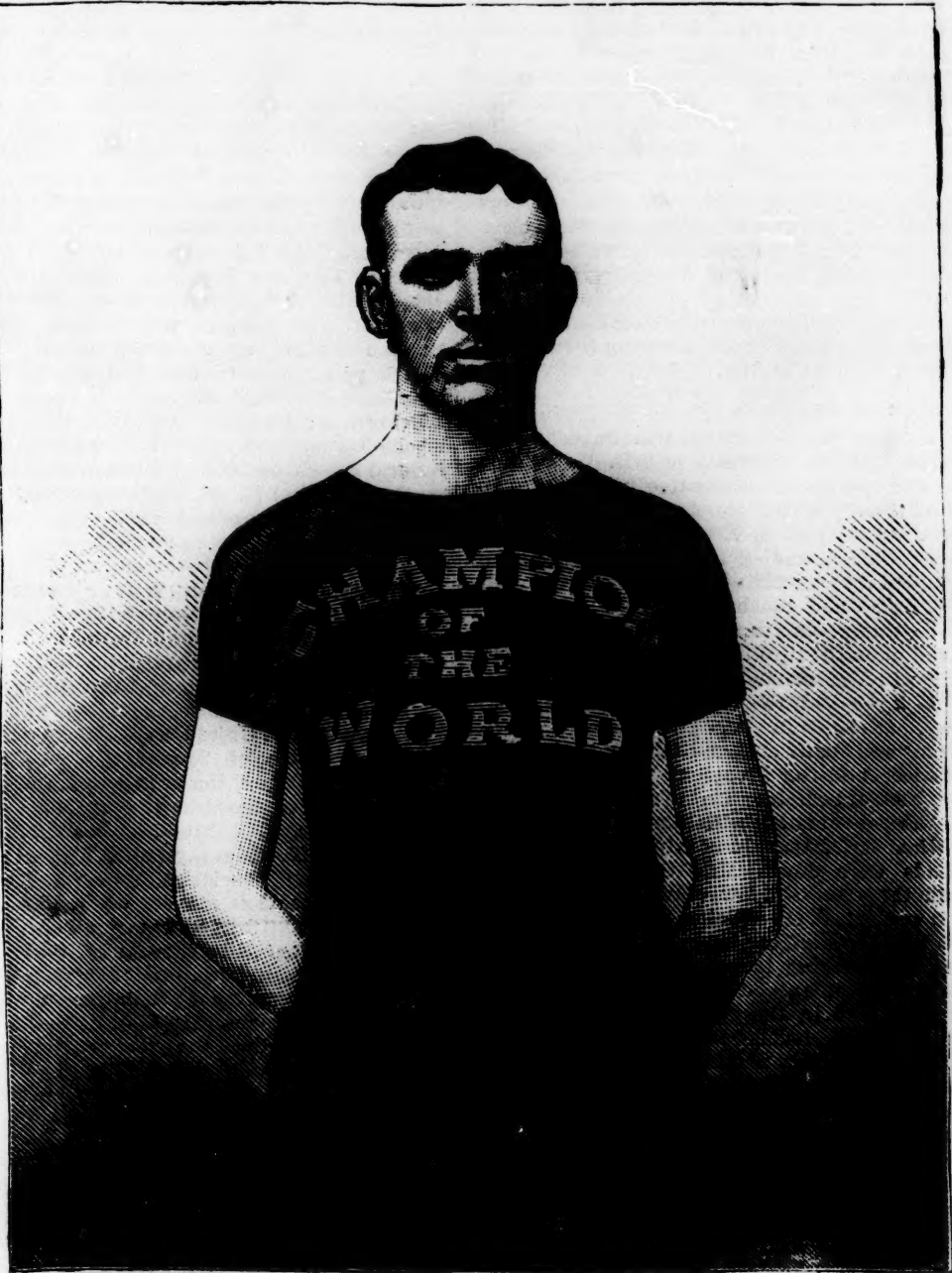
STRIKING FOR A FEE.

HOW A COUPLE OF GUIDES EARNED A GREENBACK AND SECURED A FLOATER, NIAGARA FALLS.



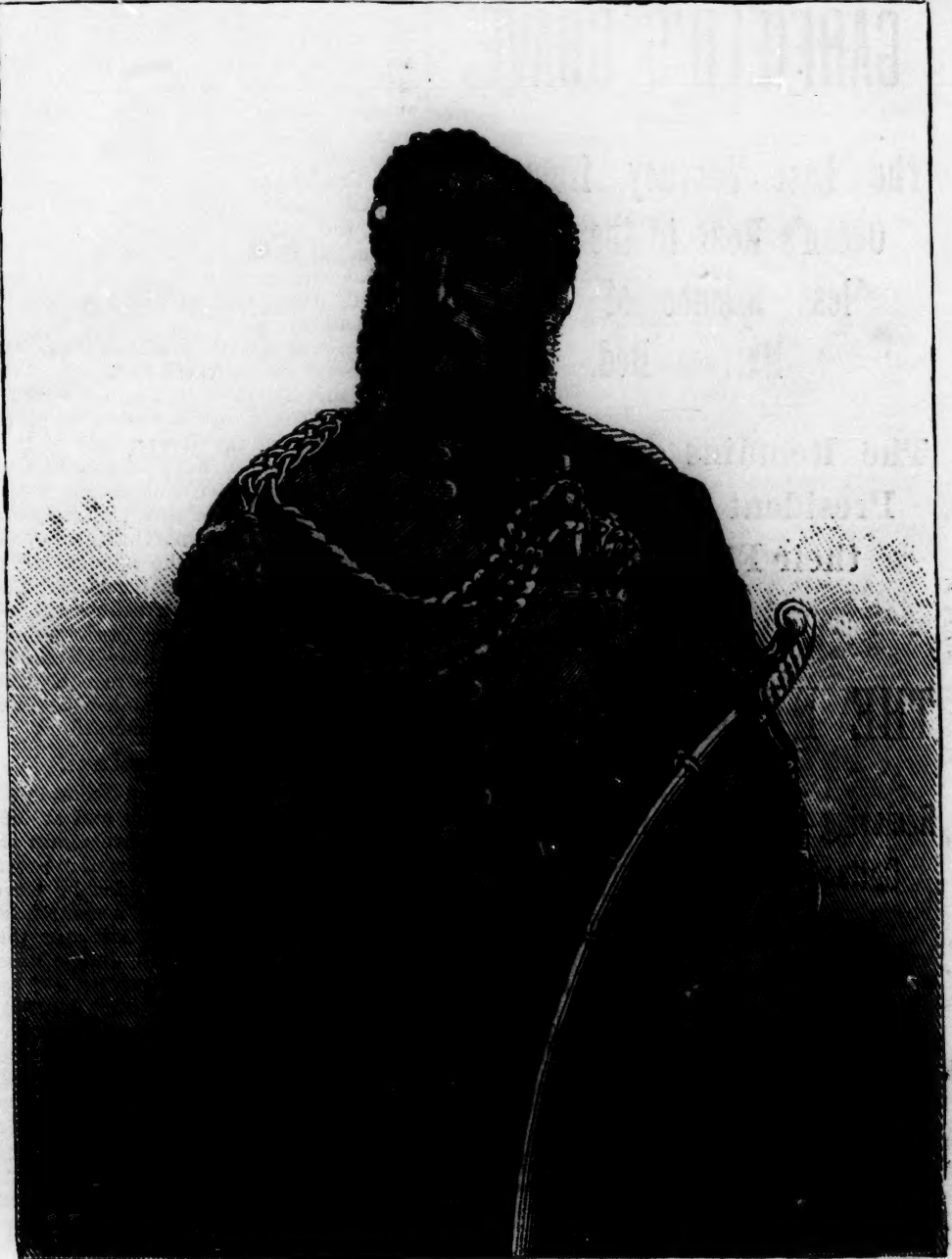
A FORETASTE OF THE FUTURE.

COUPLE OF BURGLARS, HOTLY PURSUED, TAKE REFUGE IN A FURNACE; NEW YORK CITY.



CHARLES HARRIMAN,

CHAMPION HEEL-AND TOE WALKER OF THE WORLD, NOW WALKING AGAINST RHONE.



KALAKAUA,

KING OF THE HAWAII ISLAND; NOW ON A TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

The William's Sisters.

On September 13th, near Whitmill Va., Robert Williams and his wife had a quarrel, whereupon his wife left home, and obtained a warrant for the arrest of Williams. The magistrate appointed Williams' own son as a special constable to execute the warrant. On the arrival at Williams' house with the warrant, the dead body of Williams was found lying upon a bed quilt in the yard. His head had been nearly cut from the body with an axe which was lying



MATILDA M. WILLIAMS,

ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF HER FATHER;
NEAR WHITMILL, VA.

beside it. No living person was found in the house, but it was ascertained that his two daughters, Matilda M. and Emma J. had fled after committing the murder. They were subsequently arrested and are now in jail awaiting trial.

King Kalakaua.

King Kalakaua, of the Hawaii Islands, who arrived in New York City last Friday, on his tour around the world, has been traveling constantly since the 20th of January last, when he sailed from Honolulu for San Francisco. Remaining in California a week, he took his departure for Japan on February 8th, and during his ten days' stay there he was a guest of the Emperor, and received all the honors which the Government of Japan and distinguished citizens could bestow. He was entertained by the Mikado and princes of the royal blood and by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has visited every place of interest in Europe and Asia. He will spend a few days in New York and



EMMA J. WILLIAMS,

JOINTLY ACCUSED WITH HER SISTER OF PARRICIDE; NEAR WHITMILL, VA.

a few in Washington. He will visit the Hampton Normal Agricultural College, which is in charge of General S. O. Armstrong, brother of his Attorney - General. Thence the king will go to Kentucky and examine the blooded stock, of which he owns considerable. He will reach San Francisco in time to leave for home by the steamer of Oct. 29d.

A TEXAN jurymen snored so loud in the jury box that he woke the judge from a sound nap and was promptly fined for contempt of court.



"PILOT,"

WEIGHT 28 POUNDS, MATCHED FOR \$1,000 AGAINST "CRIB," AND OWNED BY CHARLEY LLOYD, OF NEW YORK CITY



"CRIB,"

WEIGHT 27 1-2 POUNDS, MATCHED TO FIGHT "PILOT" NEAR PITTSBURGH, PA., OWNED BY LOUIS KREIGER OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

GARFIELD'S GRAVE.

The Last Journey from Old Ocean's Roar to the Ceaseless Silence of His Narrow Bed.

The Remains of the Late President Interred in their Final Resting Place.

THE NATION'S GRIEF.

Removing the Remains from the Elberon Cottage--The Reception in Washington--Scenes and Incidents of the Memorable Occasion. Journey from the White House to the Grave.

RECEPTION OF THE BODY AT CLEVELAND.

The Funeral Train's Progress--Washington's Mean Man--Sergeant Mason, the Man who Attempted to Kill Guiteau.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE ASSASSIN.

The second morning, after the death of the President, opened at Long Branch with a chilly, cold wind from the ocean and a high sea running. Almost every one was up in time to get thoroughly cold in the early daylight, for there had been some doubt even at the last as to who and how many would be allowed to view the remains, and everybody wanted to find out what were his own chances. The sun had scarcely risen when the crowd began to surround the Elberon. People came from every direction in all manner of conveyances, country wagons, buggies, phaetons, carryalls, barouches, close coaches, omnibuses, and possibly a larger number on foot or in boats to some near point. Two lines of artillerymen reached from the Elberon porch to the driveway under the Francklyn cottage, but they were twenty feet apart, and the line of people at the rear end was a double one in width. They crowded down pell-mell at the cottage entrance until they were huddled eight and ten deep. The crowd passed rapidly in and out, 2,000 people passing in about twenty-five minutes.

The remains lay on a bier in the parlor, and entrance was made through the driveway by turning to the right into the parlor, and, after passing the remains, turning to the left, by which exit was had through the great door in the west front. The whole scene is summed up in a few words--that the face looked hard, worn and unnatural, as if it had pictured intense suffering, and it was disfigured by wounds. To those who knew him in life the last look of that morning left nothing but regret. The coffin was a perfectly plain affair, and the only emblem was a great leaf of sago palm which lay across the lid of the coffin. At 9:40 o'clock the people were informed that the time for viewing the body had expired, and they all withdrew back of the square formed around the house by the soldiery. The line of guards was made closer and their pace on post was quickened into the regular military step.

The doors of the Francklyn cottage were closed to all but the Cabinet, the family, the immediate personal attendants of the dead and the surgeons. All these were quietly assembled in the large parlor about the bier and the religious ceremonies were commenced. They were exceedingly brief and performed by the Rev. C. J. Young, pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Long Branch, consisting merely of the reading of a single text of Scripture and the utterance of a brief prayer. After the prayer all of those present approached the coffin and took a last look at the dead President.

The appearance was surpassingly good, all the circumstances considered. He was seen not only after having undergone a long and most consuming illness, but also after an autopsy, during which the surgery was continued uninterruptedly for two hours and forty-seven minutes. His hands, which were open and laid across his bosom, appeared abnormally large, because they were lean and bony, the fullness for which they were notable during life having altogether disappeared. His face and neck were as fully exposed as the full dress suit in which he was clothed would allow.

There was not the slightest trace visible of the parotid affection: the right side of the face looked just like the left. The lips were reasonably full. The nose was somewhat pinched at the nostrils, and the sharp edges of the body fibre of the bridge were transparently white and acute. The most conspicuous feature of death, as noted in the entire physiognomy, to those who had an opportunity of making a close observation, was the appearance of the skin covering the face and forehead. This was drawn tightly, and the freckles which, while the President was living, were perceptible only upon the closest scrutiny, were, as he lay dead, very conspicuous, by reason of the absence of blood and the intense pallor of the skin, marked by these discolorations.

REMOVING THE REMAINS.

Undertaker Benedict had completed the closing of the coffin at 9:29 and at 9:30 the east doors of the cottage were again thrown open and the funeral procession proceeded to the train. This was preceded by Governor Ludlow, of New Jersey, accompanied by Secretary of State Kelsey, Attorney General Stockton, Congressman Hill, Jones, Ross and Hardenburgh, Judge Lathrop, State Treasurer Wright and Clerk in Chancery H. S. Little, who emerged from the cottage first. Next came a body of clergymen, among whom were Rev. President Stokes, of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association. At 9:40 the ladies of the family came out by the east-fronting door. The people outside uncovered their heads at the sight of the procession, and next came Chief Justice Waite and all the members of the Cabinet. Stepping off the porch of the cottage the Cabinet were confronted by Governor Ludlow and his staff. Each member of the Cabinet in turn was introduced by Governor Ludlow to the New Jersey officials, and then passed on to the car assigned to them. A guard of soldiers filed out and took their positions on the platform of the funeral train. At 9:45 Colonel Rockwell and General Swaim made their appearance followed immediately by the coffin of the dead Executive, borne by six of the undertaker's attendants, Colonel Corbin bringing up the rear. The detail of soldiers that had up to this time guarded the train now alighted, and were relieved by a fresh guard, who marched with reversed arms to the funeral car, which stood with the side door open opposite to the east door of the cottage and connected therewith by an improvised gangway covered with Brussels tapestry.

As the corpse was borne to the funeral car the members of the Cabinet stood on the west side of the east porch, and Colonels Rockwell and Corbin and General Swaim on the east side. Governor Ludlow and the New Jersey officials had repaired to the stoop of Clerk Little's cottage, and thence gave a parting salute by a motion of their hats.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

Long before daylight the four special cars sent by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company were decorated outside in tasteful and elegant mourning. Car 248 is a combination coach. It was devoid of all mourning decorations except on the interior. The next coach on the train was 497, the funeral car. The interior was heavily draped in costly crape, festooned with an intermingling here and there of the nation's flag. In the centre of the car was a platform measuring 5 by 14 feet and standing 13 inches high. Above this was a heavy draped base measuring 3 by 8 feet, and upon this bier the casket was placed. Following the funeral car was coach 395, used by President Arthur. The decorations in this car consist only of the draping of the chandelier. Coach 120 brought up the rear of the train, and was for the use of the Garfield family and the friends invited to accompany them.

At 3 o'clock there was nothing at Elberon to indicate the momentous history of the past two weeks, beyond the half-masted flags, which still remained unfurled.

At ten minutes past 10 o'clock the special train, composed of engine 93 and cars 202 and 102, in the latter of which were President Arthur, Private Secretary J. C. Reid, Gen. Grant and Colonel Fred Grant, drew up at the junction of the temporary track to the Francklyn cottage and waited there for the funeral train. As soon as the funeral train was brought to a stop it was at once surrounded by the armed soldiers, who had been brought aboard from the Francklyn cottage, and the platforms were guarded by the uniformed trainmen. A broad plank gangway, covered with carpet, was laid from the northern platform of car 109 to that of the Cabinet car 395, and President Arthur was escorted over it by General Grant to the latter car, where he was formally received by all the members of the Cabinet, all of whom were aboard. Following the President were Colonel Fred Grant and Private Secretary Reid.

The President, after shaking hands with all the Cabinet, was shown by Secretary Blaine to the seat which had been reserved for him. This was the third from the northern end of the car, with a fall window, and on the west side. This seat was reserved for his exclusive use, so that in turn the different members of the Cabinet, if they so desired, could have an opportunity to converse with him. General Grant and Chief Justice Waite, who were in the car, seated themselves immediately behind the President, and Secretary Blaine sat immediately in front of him. General Grant sat at the window end of his seat, and wore a great white linen ulster, covering a full dress suit of deep mourning.

THE DEPARTURE FOR WASHINGTON.

At 10:10 special engineer Wm. Page, with his firemen, J. W. Harrison and D. W. Dinnell, backed the great locomotive, which, draped from the top to the wheels in mourning, had been standing at the Elberon station, down to the southern end of the funeral train, and coupled it to car 248. The engine moved without noise and touched the car without a jar. Everything being in readiness, Page, with his hand upon the throttle and his head out of the cab window, started the train, and at 10:12 o'clock precisely the funeral party was on its way. As the train passed the depot General Grant was busily engaged talking to the Chief Justice, and the President was leaning over the back of Secretary Blaine's seat engaged in a close conversation with him.

When car 120 passed nearly all the window blinds were down. Mrs. Garfield, pale and thin, the mere shadow of what she was even two weeks ago, sat with her head leaning upon her hand looking out beyond the crowds, her expression being indescribably sorrowful.

As the train moved slowly away the thousands of men in the surrounding crowd uncovered their heads, the women put down their parasols and a stillness as of death prevailed. The temporary track from the Francklyn cottage to the junction with the main track was 3,500 feet long, and its entire length was lined on both sides with people on foot and in vehicles of all kinds. Every man's head was uncovered all along the route, and many a face was wet with tears. About 100 railroad laborers stood in a group at one point along this track ready to remove the rails. As the train made its way slowly through the throng, these hard workingmen took off their hats and stood with bowed heads. The scene was impressive in the extreme.

REVIEWING THE REMAINS IN WASHINGTON.

At 4 P. M., at which time the funeral train was expected to reach the capital, the streets in the vicinity of the Baltimore and Potomac depot were densely crowded. Hundreds who had climbed to the roofs of the surrounding buildings looked down in deep anxiety to see the sad return of the President's watchers with their still precious charge. The military escort was arranged on the east side of Sixth street, and extended four files deep from the avenue to the end of the depot yard. Tightly stretched ropes and an extra force of police kept back the promiscuous crowd to the curb, and mounted officers of military and police attended to the arrangements of the details. All was in readiness half an hour before the train arrived. Soon a faint puff of smoke rose visible far down the track-mounted street. Slowly it drew nearer, but the waiting multitude quickly recognized the black draped train. A bugler announced the arrival, and after that not a sound was heard.

Sergeant Densmore, chief of the White House police, now came toward the gate from within. The portal opened before him, and behind him came she for whom the hearts of nations go out in pity and admiration.

Her slight figure enveloped in black, and her weary face almost obscured by a heavy veil, Mrs. Garfield walked firmly to the carriage, leaning on the right arm of Secretary Blaine and on the left arm of her oldest son, Harry. They conducted her past the spot which had such bitter suggestions to her, and which strong men remember with a shudder. Directly behind Mrs. Garfield came Miss Mollie and her companion, Miss Lulu Rockwell, with Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell. The carriage drove off to Attorney General MacVeagh's residence.

The President's face was pale, but he looked about him with a quite gaze and stood with uncovered head until his carriage was announced. In the fourth carriage entered ex-President Grant, Senator Jones, of Nevada, and Gen. Beall, and the next held President Arthur, Chief Justice Waite, Secretary Blaine and Secretary Windom. These were driven out to Pennsylvania avenue and halted till the other carriages were filed.

As soon as those who accompanied the body from Long Branch had left the depot, eight non-commissioned officers of the Second Artillery, detailed for the purpose, lifted the body of President Garfield from the car and bore it along the platform to the main room of the depot, approaching within a few feet of the spot where he fell when struck by the bullet of the assassin, and passing out of the east, or Sixth-street door, deposited the coffin with its precious contents on the hearse, the troops presenting arms and the Marine Band playing "Nearer my God to Thee." Following the body came officers of the Army and Navy to the number of about 200, wearing the full-dress uniform of their respective ranks, and

headed by Gen. Sherman and Admiral Nichols, respectively. These officers formed in ranks of two on each side of the hearse, the army officers being on the right, and the lines extending for some distance behind the funeral car which was drawn by six gray horses, each horse being led by a colored groom, and grooms and horses wearing the customary mourning trappings. Preceding the hearse were carriages containing President Arthur, members of the Cabinet, and others who were close to the late President. Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie and Harry Garfield after entering their own carriage, were driven directly to the house of Attorney-General MacVeagh, whose guests they will remain until they leave Washington.

Everything being in readiness, the troops wheeled into column, the bands struck up a funeral march, and the procession moved toward the Capitol in the following order:

Mounted Police.
Gen. Ayres and staff.
Col. Amos Webster and staff.
Washington Light Infantry, four companies,
Col. Moore commanding.
Union Veterans, Capt. Thomasson.
National Rifles, Capt. Burnside.
Washington Light Guard, Lieut. Hodson.
Capital City Guards, Capt. Keeley.
Battalion of United States Marines.
Four companies of Second United States
Artillery marching as infantry, and
one light battery.
Washington and Columbia Commanderies
Knights Templars and other Masonic
societies.

As the procession moved down Pennsylvania avenue with draped flags, muffled drums, and solemn music, the thousands of sorrowing spectators involuntarily contrasted the scene of to-day with that which was witnessed there a little more than six months ago, when President Garfield was the great central figure, and when drums were rolled and colors were dipped in honor of his inauguration as President of the United States, and when 15,000 uniformed citizen-soldiers from various States proudly marched in view before him. Then the populace lining the sidewalks manifested their feelings in glad shouts and enthusiastic cheers, but the same populace now stood with bowed heads and tearful eyes as the dead president was borne back to the place at which he so recently took the oath of office. The procession moved to the Capitol by the same route that was taken by the inauguration procession in March last, passing around the south or House wing of the Capitol.

On arriving at the east front the troops were again wheeled into line, and as the hearse and carriages drove up to the main entrance of the building the customary salute was paid. Those Senators and members of the House of Representatives who were in the city assembled and proceeded to the east front of the Capitol to receive the body, and upon its arrival formed two lines with open ranks at the foot of the main stairway in the following order:

Sergeants-at-Arms Thompson, of the House, and Bright, of the Senate; Clerk Adams and Door-keeper Fields, of the House; Representatives Tucker and Dezenford, of Virginia; Wilson, of West Virginia; Townsend, of Ohio; Thomas, of Illinois; Shelley, of Alabama; Urner, of Maryland; Delegate Luna of New Mexico; Senators Inghalls, of Kansas; Garland, of Arkansas; Kellogg, of Louisiana; Pugh, of Alabama; Davis, of West Virginia; Associate Justices of the Supreme Court Harlan and Matthews and ex-Justice Strong. The coffin was borne through the open ranks by the eight United States artillerymen, who carried it from the depot to the funeral car, the Senators and members following immediately after it, and President Arthur and ex-President Grant, the Chief-Justice, the members of the Cabinet following in turn in this order: President Arthur and Secretary Blaine, Secretary Windom and Chief-Justice Waite, Secretary Hunt and ex-President Grant, Secretary Lincoln and Attorney-General MacVeagh, Secretary Kirkwood and Postmaster-General James. Next came General Swaim and Col. Rockwell, Private Secretary Brown and Col. Corbin, Dr. Boynton and Surgeon-General Barnes. The coffin was carried to the centre of the rotunda and placed upon the catafalque prepared to receive it, the gentleman above named standing beside the catafalque until the lid that covered the face was removed, when they passed around the head of the coffin, each lingering a moment to take a last look at the emaciated face of the late chief magistrate, and then passing out to their carriages by the east door.

As soon as President Arthur and the Cabinet were seated in their carriages the troops took up the homeward march, each division moving to its headquarters. President Arthur was driven to the residence of Senator Jones, of Nevada, whose guest he will remain until Mrs. Garfield and her family leave Washington. The catafalque is the same one that was used for Thaddeus Stevens, President Lincoln, Senator Sumner, Chief-Justice Chase, and Vice-President Wilson. It rests on a platform about six inches high and rises about three feet above the platform, being about four feet wide and seven feet long and covered with heavy black velvet, a light silver bar running around the upper edges and down the joints. The body, guarded by a detail of the Capitol and Metropolitan Police, and the rest of the mem-

bers of the Army of the Cumberland, acted as a guard of honor. The rotunda was open for the admission of the public, and several hundred persons passed in and gazed upon the features of the dead Executive.

THE DEPARTURE FROM WASHINGTON.

The doors of the Capitol were closed at 11 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 23 and the crowd was shut out. All night people had been passing the catafalque on which the President lay in the closed casket. The wreath from Queen Victoria lay over the head of the casket. When the doors were closed, the crowd about the porches and approaches of the great building was larger than ever. At one o'clock Pennsylvania avenue, from the Capitol grounds to the Baltimore and Potomac depot, was packed with people on either side. The carriage way was kept clear for the passage of the funeral procession. The stores were all closed. The windows everywhere were open, and most of those which commanded a view of the avenue had been let to spectators any- ago. Crowds of people were on the house- tops. In the afternoon the rush toward the Capitol was most extraordinary. Stages could hardly get along under the heavy loads. The horse cars were crowded to the edge of the steps. Carriages, with the distinguished visitors to the city and members of foreign legations in full official dress, joined in the rapidly moving procession. The sounds of muffled drums and funeral music were heard as troops and Knights Templar moved to take their places in the procession.

Long lines of rope were extended along the curbs in sixth street, from Pennsylvania avenue to the gates of the depot through which the casket was to be carried. The ladies' room through which Mrs. Garfield could not have gone without passing over the very spot on which her husband fell with his mortal wound, was closed. Soon after 3 o'clock the officers of the army and navy composing the guard of honor to accompany the remains to Cleveland began to arrive at the depot. The funeral train, quite covered with black serge, stood ready. The catafalque in the funeral car was so arranged that the casket could be seen through windows by the people along the line. Just before the funeral procession arrived at the depot a train from Baltimore arrived crowded with people who fell at once into line with the multitude outside of the depot gates. There was a flurry of excitement a few minutes before over the arrival of Gen. Sherman in full uniform. Before the procession had arrived at the depot the sun had gone behind a bank of black clouds. A gun was fired at the Navy Yard at four o'clock, and the chimes of the Metropolitan Church were rung. It was the signal at which the parade started toward the depot. The crowds on the avenue had been growing all the time, and the police in advance with difficulty kept the roadway clear. The line was headed by mounted officers of the funeral escort led by Gen. B. B. Ayres. Behind the first band marched the Washington Light Infantry, wearing high beavers and white coats and carrying their arms reversed. The companies of foot soldiers which followed wore uniforms of blue and gray. The marine band with its bright red coats came next, heading the Marine Corps. The foot and light artillery brought up the rear of the military division. The civic procession followed some distance after, under the command of Chief Marshal Col. Boyd. The De Moly Commandery of Knights Templar, of which the late President himself was a member, headed this line. Carriages containing the clergymen and some of the physicians of the late President came next, and following these was the hearse, drawn by six iron-gray horses, with a colored coachman at the head of each one. On either side of the hearse walked the pall bearers, and enclosing them in its lines came the Guard of Honor. The army representatives of the Guard of Honor marched on the right and the navy on the left. They were in full uniform. Carriages containing some of the relatives of the President's family followed, and then Gen. Grant and Ex-Gov. Hayes came in a close carriage. President Arthur and Secretary Blaine rode at the head of a line of carriages, in which were Cabinet Ministers and their wives, and the members of the Diplomatic Corps in full uniform. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the Associate Justices, the Senators of the United States and members of the House of Representatives, the Governors of States and Territories, and the Judiciary of the District, the Judges of the United States Court, and the officers of the several departments rode in carriages following. The long line ended with organized societies and citizens who chose to follow the dead President.

It was 4½ when the head of the column reached Sixth street and turned toward the depot. As the first band passed the station playing a touching dirge the funeral escort of the Generals of the Army stood in double file in the gateway of the station. The ten marines who were to bear the casket from the hearse to the train had taken their position on the walk. The line passed by until the Marine Band was opposite the entrance to the station. Then, at the signal of the mounted trumpeter, the command halted. Gens. Sherman and Hancock stood at the head of the Guard of Honor, awaiting the arrival of the hearse. As the Marine Band stood front face before the depot the mounted artillery passed

lumberingly by during the interval before the arrival of the head of the civic division of the procession. Attorney-General MacVeagh shook hands with Gen. Sherman, and was then introduced by Gen. Hancock to the other officers in the Guard of Honor. As the two divisions of the line approached the station, playing slowly and with the most melancholy effect the "Sweet By and Bye," the effect upon popular feeling was very apparent. There was a roll of muffled drums as the hearse came in sight and went slowly to the door of the station. The marines advanced to take the casket, and the Guard of Honor in waiting and the marine and military escort which had followed the hearse down the avenue formed in double column across the street. They stood with bare heads as the casket was lifted out and placed upon the shoulders of eight of the marines. Upon the coffin lay the wreath from the Queen and the sprays of cypress palms. The officers of the army and military escort followed into the station. The clergymen, some of the physicians, and the relatives of the family alighted and went at once to the train. Gen. Grant and ex-Gov. Hayes, arm-in-arm, came in after them. Then came President Arthur, leaning upon Mr. Blaine, with bowed head and sorrowful mien. The members of the Cabinet and their wives followed, two and two. At this time a company of colored cadets marched and counter-marched before the entrance to the station, led by a drum corps with muffled drums. The members of the diplomatic corps stopped a moment before the gate, and then drove on without entering. Chief Justice Waite and his associates of the Supreme Court entered the depot, and the gates were closed.

Presently, President Arthur, accompanied by Secretary Blaine, Secretary Hunt, and ex-President Grant, returned to the sidewalk. President Arthur and Gen. Grant entered a carriage together and drove off. Their faces were troubled and showed plainly the depth of their feeling. The Knights Templar arrived at the station after all the others had entered and marched to a position beside the train.

Just before the head of the procession reached the depot two cars of the draped train had been disconnected and run some distance from the station. Mrs. Garfield, with Harry and Mollie, Gen. Swain and his wife, and Mrs. Rockwell, entered the cars at that point. The cars then ran back into the depot. By this means they avoided the crowds at the station.

As the funeral procession reached the depot the sun was hidden by clouds. At 5 o'clock the train started. Drops of rain fell lightly. The sun shone through the clouds, giving them a silver lining, while in the east a rainbow spanned the sky.

THE CEREMONIES IN CLEVELAND.

The funeral train arrived at Cleveland at 1:30 P. M. on Sept. 24. There was one continuous demonstration of grief all along the line. Stately mansions and humble log cabins alike displayed emblems of mourning. As the train stopped at the station in Cleveland the church bells on Euclid avenue began tolling, and kept on during the two hours which it took the funeral procession to reach the square. The sun was very warm, but there was a pleasant wind. As the train stopped, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Hancock, and the others of the Guard of Honor alighted. They were followed by the members of the local committee, which went to Pittsburgh to meet the train. These formed in line facing the train as Mrs. Garfield, walking with her son, Harry, and Secretary Blaine, stepped from the cars. She was followed by Mollie and Gen. Swain, Col. Rockwell and wife, the members of the Cabinet, and others of the escort. Mrs. Garfield and her daughter Mollie drove at once to the residence of her kinsman, the Hon. James Mason. As she entered the carriage with Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Garfield for the first time broke down. She did not attempt to restrain her tears, which for a moment flowed freely. The ride to the house was but a block. Mrs. Garfield passed quickly through the halls to her own room, only stopping to return the silent embraces of her friends. Her son James preceded her some hours to Cleveland, and was waiting her arrival at the house of Mr. Mason.

After Mrs. Garfield drove away from the station the casket was lifted out and carried by the eight marines in blue uniforms and white helmets to the hearse. A black pall was thrown entirely over the hearse and hanging down in folds about the sides. The army and naval officers in attendance followed the hearse in their carriages, as did Chief Justice Waite and his associate Justices. The local escort was drawn up in position, headed by a platoon of police and the mounted city troops with their helmets and showy yellow plumes. As the procession moved slowly down the avenue the band played a dirge. President Garfield's commandery of Knights Templar—the Columbia of that city—marched directly ahead of the hearse, which was drawn by black horses led by groomers. Directly after the hearse came the drum corps, with muffled drums. The Cleveland Greys, with arms reversed, followed, and then came the motley band of survivors of the old Forty-Second Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, Garfield's old regiment. The tattered colors of the regiment were tied with crape. The carriages with Cabinet officers followed.

At the square the casket was laid upon the black satin catafalque under the elaborate pavilion. The pavilion was composed of four arches, forming a hollow square and surmounted by a pointed roof, a gold globe, and a staff. The building was almost entirely covered with black cloth, and upon the upper corners are black flags looped with crape. At the lower corners were cannon covered with black cloth, and on every side large and graceful plants. Within were festoons of black. The catafalque, covered with black satin, was surrounded by four high gilded columns, surmounted by white doves and supporting a canopy of black. On either side of the catafalque was an elaborate flower piece. The Queen's wreath and the cypress palms remained upon the coffin. At the head of the coffin was a portrait of the late President together with these words:

"Life's race well run;
Life's work well done;
Life's crown well won;
Now comes rest."

Guards of Cleveland Greys and of Oriental Commandery of Knights Templar was charge of the casket.

On Sunday and Monday Cleveland was thronged with people from all sections of the country. During the procession to the grave the streets along the line of march was black with people. The ceremonies at the tomb were very solemn; the large multitude standing uncovered during the entire service. When the ceremonies were ended and all that was mortal of James Abram Garfield had been forever shut out from mortal gaze, the large multitude silently departed in sorrow to their several homes.

THE COWARDLY ASSASSIN.

Through the courtesy of the Warden a correspondent of a daily paper was allowed to see Guiteau on September 22, after first pledging himself not to engage in conversation with him or give him any information from the outside world. Passing through the heavily barred doors and down the corridor the visitor stopped at the cell in which the miscreant is confined. Guiteau was upon his knees beside the bed busily engaged writing. At sight of his visitor, who was attended by General Crocker, the prisoner arose, and extending his hand, said:

"I am glad to see you, sir, for I don't have many visitors except the General here and the guards."

He immediately began to show signs of a desire to converse at length, but warned by a glance from General Crocker, the correspondent retained from saying anything.

Without paying attention to this by-play Guiteau started off by saying:

"What I wish to impress upon the American people is that the Lord alone is responsible for the shooting of the President. I want that fact kept before them."

As he said this the prisoner's face beamed with smiles and he was evidently bent upon making a good impression upon his caller. He continued the conversation by saying:

"I suppose there is a great deal of excitement on the streets about the death of the President. What do the people say about me?"

Not in the least disconcerted by the refusal to answer his questions the prisoner kept on:

"When will the President's body be taken away? As soon as the excitement about this matter dies away the people will not feel harshly toward me and as soon as they become cool I will ask for my trial. I have no fears as to the result."

The restless, nervous action of the prisoner, however, gave the lie to this assertion, for it is plainly evident that he does not feel as he talks. He then apologized for the untidy condition of his cell, stating that he was writing to a friend in New York on a personal matter and had pulled all his papers down to get certain information. "I have also been washing some dirty clothes, as you can see," he added. I examined the cell a little closer and saw a pair of socks still damp hanging up to dry and a basin of soapy water, showing that for once the prisoner had spoken the truth. Small pieces of paper written upon both sides were scattered over the cot and a small bottle of ink and a pen were observable on the floor. There was nothing upon the walls of the cell, which was rather dark from the fact that the window was closed nearly to the top and the light from the corridor was obscured by two large wooden doors, heavily plated with iron.

Guiteau looked considerably improved since the first day he was confined, the face being fuller and having more color. His beard had been recently trimmed and his hair cut closely, after the style given in the recent pictures. His body was more fleshy, and General Crocker explained this by saying that he had gained ten pounds since he was brought to the jail.

The prisoner wore dark pantaloons and vest, a striped calico shirt of the material known as hickory, and his feet were encased in leather slippers. The shoes he wore when arrested have been taken from him since the attack on Guard McGill several weeks ago, as it was feared that he might shape another knife out of one of the steel shanks.

Guiteau begins to feel very uneasy notwithstanding the extraordinary precautions taken

of late to put him beyond reach of those who have threatened from time to time to storm the jail and secure his person. He says, however, that he feels somewhat relieved and in better spirits than heretofore. He has no remorse for the deed he committed, and would be perfectly happy if he thought he was safe in his present location. He says he demands and expects protection at the hands of the authorities; that he desires the guards doubled until the public mind is at rest.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Abraham Lincoln, while serving his second term as President, was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre, in Washington, on the evening of April 14, 1865. At the time Laura Keane was on the stage, the play being "Our American Cousin." He was shot in the head from behind, and died in a few hours.

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln created an intense excitement throughout the whole northern section of the country, which was then engaged in a sanguinary civil war, and the excitement was intensified by the strong suspicion that the act was instigated by the Confederate government, for attacks were also made at the same time upon members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, but it was afterward found that the conspiracy which brought on the tragedy was the work of a few fanatical Southern sympathizers, who afterward met their just dues in being either shot down or executed by sentence of court martial. The execution of Mrs. Surratt, one of the conspirators, however, was afterward, in the calmer moods of public opinion, deeply regretted.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, made his escape by leaping from the President's box to the stage, and thence through the stage entrance to the street, where he leaped on a horse in waiting for him. As he leaped from the box, his foot caught in the American flag which was draped around the railing, and he fell, spraining his ankle. As he landed on the stage, he jumped up, and waving a dagger over his head, he shouted, "Sic semper tyrannis." He was subsequently shot by Sergeant Corbett, while attempting to escape from a barn in which he had sought refuge.

SERGEANT MASON.

[With Portrait.]

Sergeant Mason, of Battery B, Second Artillery, is still confined in a cell at the barracks in Washington, and bears his imprisonment philosophically. He has occupied his spare time in writing an address entitled, "To all good people of the United States who hate assassins." In this he says:

"I am one who stands ready, at all times, to do right, yet in this case of mine I have done a big wrong to the good law of the land by shooting at that would-be assassin Guiteau, who has caused so much sorrow and suffering to President Garfield and to the good people of the world. All assassins, or they who attempt the life of a Chief Magistrate of any country, let it be Empire, Kingdom or Republic, let them die as soon as possible. Put them in a ditch ten feet deep, and all who wish to throw mud at them do it, and then cover the place with brimstone, so that no grass can grow. I want no one to applaud me for my unsoldier-like conduct, yet I am one of the many who would like to take the life of an assassin rather than guard him. Let others say what they may, if the United States Army of 25,000 men was at that jail, 20,000 would kill Guiteau and the other 5,000 would desert before they would have anything to do with him."

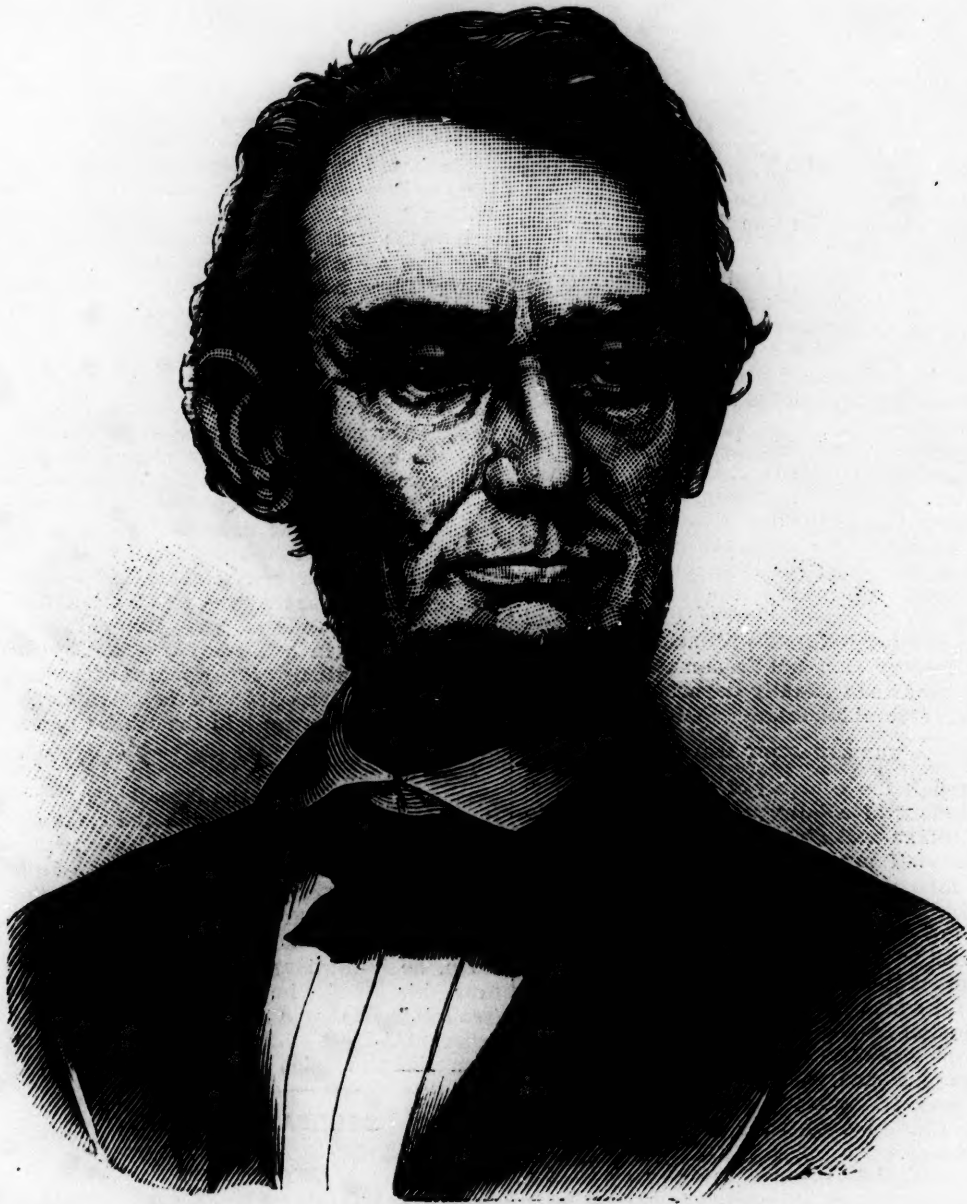
WASHINGTON'S MEAN MAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A citizen who owns a considerable number of houses on one side of H street, Washington, D. C., has a brother who lives with him in one of the houses. When he returned to his home last Wednesday afternoon he found that his brother had draped the dwelling in crape out of respect to the President's memory. With an oath the house-owner said that it was all nonsense, and tore down the black badges of grief. The people in the houses adjoining saw what he had done, and there was some threatening language used and an attempt to get at the offender was made. He retreated inside his house and the crowd which had congregated slowly scattered, after pelting his house with stones and other missiles.

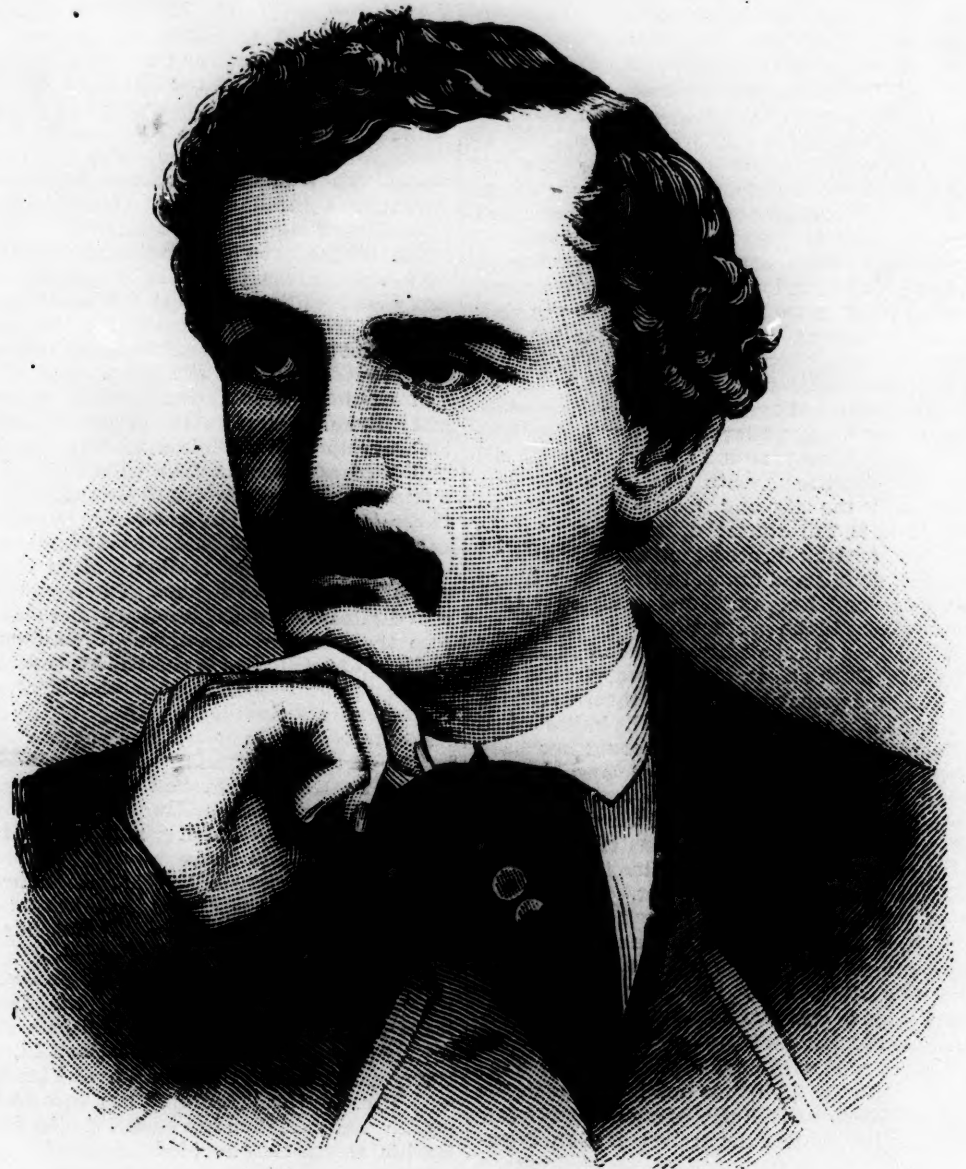
KATE HUGGED THE WALL, AND FRANK HUGGED KATE.

The Circuit Court of La Porte, Ind., devoted a day last week to the trial of Frank Campbell and Kate Klossen, of Michigan City, charged with adultery. The evidence showed that Kate became an inmate of the family of the Campbell house in January, and that Campbell, Mrs. Campbell and Kate slept thenceforth three in a bed, though Kate is positive she hugged the wall and Mrs. Campbell slept in the middle. In February Mrs. Campbell took a trip and Kate kept house. Campbell and Kate were found guilty and sentenced to the county jail for twenty days and fined \$140, which will equal three hundred days in the county jail.



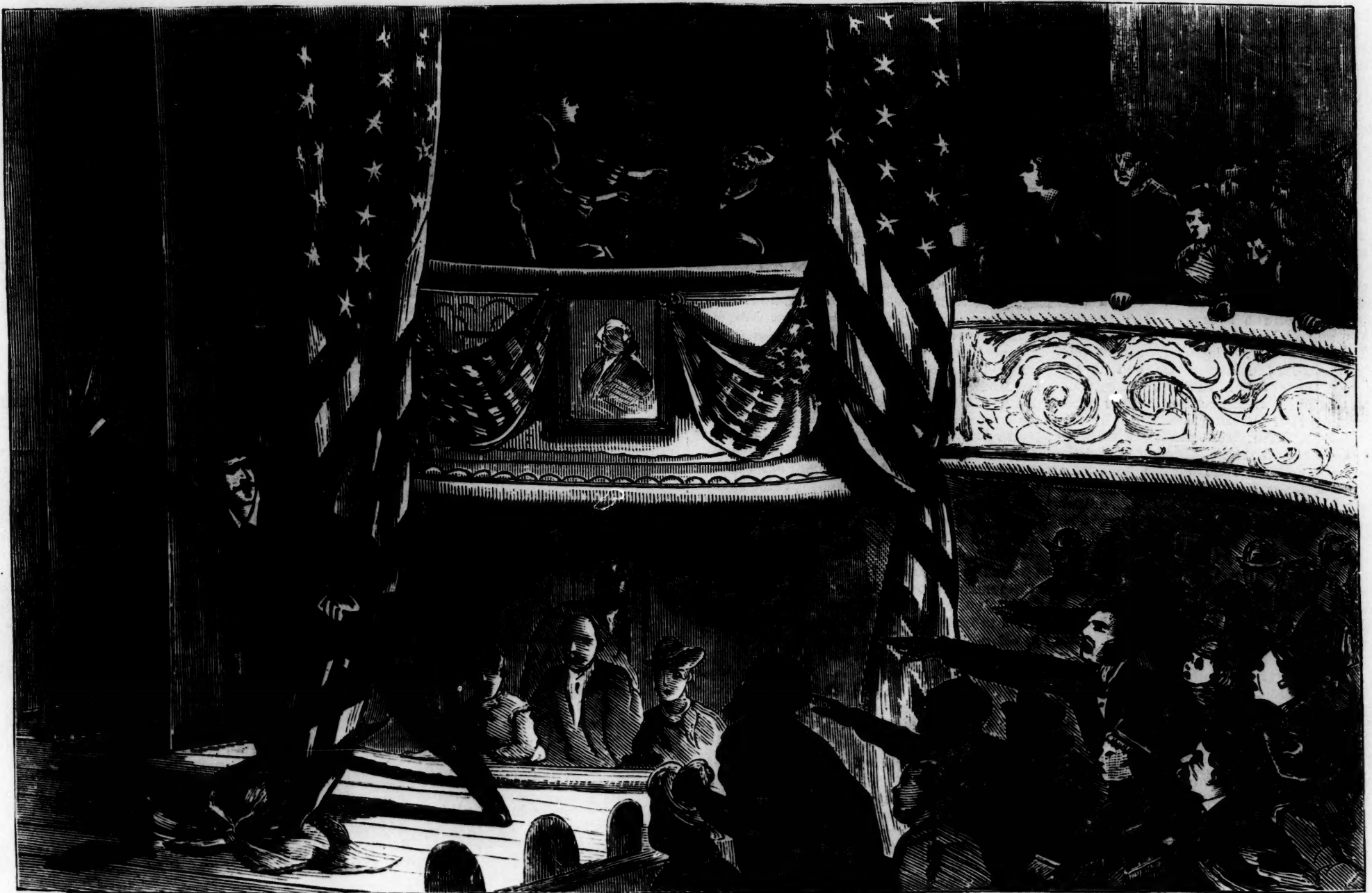
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

THE FIRST MARTYR PRESIDENT—MURDERED BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 14, 1865, AT FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



GUILTEAU'S PREDECESSOR,

JOHN WILKES BOOTH, WHO MURDERED PRESIDENT LINCOLN; SHOT BY SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT, WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE.



"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS."

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN HIS BOX AT FORD'S THEATRE, BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH, DURING A PERFORMANCE OF "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN"—A SHOT WHICH RANG THROUGH THE WORLD AND WILL BE ECHOED IN ETERNITY.



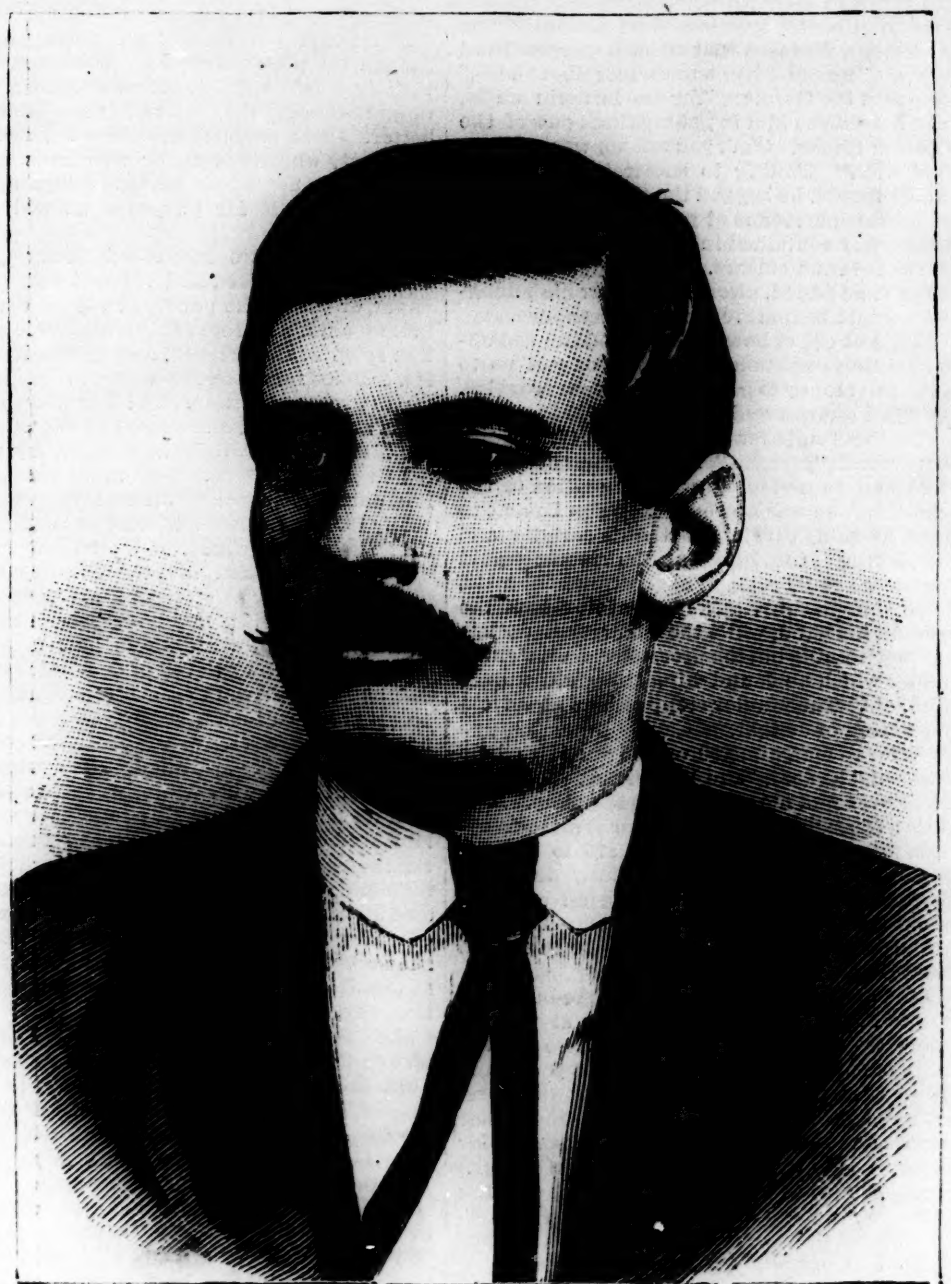
BY THEIR BELOVED DEAD.

INNOCENT VICTIMS OF AN ASSASSIN'S WANTON CRIME—THE LOVING PARTING OF THE WIDOWED WIFE AND FATHERLESS DAUGHTER FROM THE COFFINED REMAINS OF THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE, AT ELBERON, N. J.



INSULTING THE NATION.

A CONTEMPTIBLE CUR TEARS DOWN THE CRAPE HIS BROTHER HAD DISPLAYED AND JUSTLY INVOKES THE WRATH OF THE PEOPLE; WASHINGTON, D. C.



SERGEANT MASON,

OF BATTERY B, SECOND ARTILLERY, NOW IMPRISONED FOR ATTEMPTING TO KILL GUTTEAU, WHILE ON GUARD AT THE JAIL.
Photographed Expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE by John Golden, 813 Market Space, Washington, D. C.

THE MAN-TRAPS OF NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Reluctantly the "gentleman" crosses over and asks what is wanted. This man is "Ike" Vail, and in this instance was seen by Detectives Von Gerichten and O'Neill, who happened to be in that part of the city. Knowing that Vail's presence in that locality was for no good purpose, they determined to watch him, and so slipped into a hallway to await developments. The stranger was seen to take the bond from the Scranton man and hand it over to Vail. The latter handed it back to its new owner and was about to make some remark when the detectives took the party into custody. The bond was a counterfeit of the worst description, and the carman a "pal" of the confidence men. The carman was never found, but Vail and Joseph Wilson, who first accosted the Frenchman, were sent to Sing Sing for four years each.

Jim Winter, alias "Snug," is one of the most adroit and intrepid confidence men in America. He is a young man, highly educated and intelligent. He, as a rule, practices the upper grade of confidence business. But he is equally at home selling bogus mining shares on Wall street or drugging countrymen whom he picks up in the hotels. He once dressed up as a well-to-do German immigrant, strapped a belt about his woolen blouse, and wore a bright wig which shone with true Teutonic lustre beneath a soft black hat. A "pal" named Williams, dressed up as a gentleman of leisure, accompanied him to the east side. Their game was what is known as the "German racket," a difficult undertaking at best, and one requiring an intimate knowledge of the German language. At the head of Rivington street they separated. Williams proceeded to a lager beer saloon, called for a drink and engaged the proprietor in conversation. His perfect dialect delighted the beer vender. An interchange of confidence followed, Williams taking pains to inform his friend that he was a jeweler by occupation.

After treating several times the affable jeweler rose to take his leave, when the "immigrant" just then rushes in, and with an anxious face inquires for a certain Herr Schmitt. The proprietor declared that no such person lived there. "He must live somewhere about here," declared the German, "for he is mein uncle, and I must see him to get my things out of the Custom House. Can't you tell me where I may find him?" Failing to ascertain his uncle's whereabouts, he begged the two gentlemen to suggest some means of getting his trunks and the money contained in them out of the hands of the revenue officers. It was approaching 3 o'clock, he added, after which hour his belongings would be removed to the warehouse.

"Oh, get out of here!" exclaimed the assumed jeweler, impatiently, "do you expect us to give you money to get you out of your troubles. Here's a quarter and begone!"

This was apparently too much for the dignity of the "greenie," for he flung back the coin and uttered an angry exclamation to the effect that he was no beggar. When it came to that, he said, turning to the proprietor and displaying to him a handsome gold watch, he could raise money in an honorable, independent way. The proprietor took the gem in his hand, while the immigrant declared that nothing but the pressing circumstances under which he found himself would induce him, etc. The jeweler stepped up with an exclamation of delight.

"Offer to loan him \$50 or \$75 on it to help him out," he said, "and I'll warrant the fellow can never find his way back to the shop. It is worth \$250; I'll give you \$150 for it myself."

So the proprietor advanced \$75 to his unfortunate countryman, who joyfully departed. Williams followed, after making an appointment for the purchase of the watch. Then the proprietor found his bargain to be an oriole watch, worth from \$3 to \$5.

First and last, many women have been among the confidence operators, although at present there are few in the city who are above the rank of common swindlers. A few years ago Mrs. Eliza Graham made several thousand dollars by a scheme which finally ended her career and sent her to Auburn prison. Her dodge was to write letters to wealthy Germans—he spoke six languages with ease—asking them to call upon her in her room at a first-class hotel up-town. Her story was that her uncle in Germany had died and left her a large fortune. She confined her blandishments to the male sex, and borrowed money on the pretense that it was to enable her to enforce her claim. She promised to make each of her dupes guardian of her children, and allow him to have the handling of all the revenues of the estate. A week before she

was arrested she began preparations for an extended trip to Europe. Bonds and gold to the amount of \$21,000 were found in her trunk.

Shortly before Mrs. Graham was sent to prison, a Miss Jennie Shaw, an ill-favored creature, carried on successfully a brief but profitable career as a confidence operator on people on the west side. She represented to some of these persons that she was a German baroness, and had drawn the capital prize in the Havana Lottery. To some she put the prize at \$15,000, and to one victim she expanded it to \$80,000, and she said it was necessary to engage a lawyer to secure her prize, and she offered her dupes a large percentage of her good fortune if they would advance her the necessary funds. Strange to say she collected upward of \$3,000 before her career was cut short. She is now in the Kings County Penitentiary in Brooklyn. There were a few other confidence women, but of late years they have not done any "business." But women find a more congenial field for lawless operations against the public in the grim game of blackmailing. For information as to that branch of metropolitan man-trapping, we refer the reader to our next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THE PANEL GAME.

There is no more dangerous method of robbing practiced on the stranger in New York than panel-thieving. This system of robbery, so common in New York, where it originated, blends prostitution and robbery. It is made profitable and not easy of detection. Parties need but little money or capital. They seldom stay long in a place. Their safety demands frequent removals. One or two cribs—as these places are called, though they also enjoy the euphonious appellation of "badger houses"—are quite notorious, and though frequently raided, have been kept in the same spot for a number of years.

Panel-thieving is reduced to a system, and on the observance of the system the success depends. The women employed in this department of crime used mostly to be intelligent, neat, and good-looking negro or mulatto women. Men who have been robbed in this way do not usually care to have it known that they have been keeping company with a colored woman, especially if they happen to be well-to-do men of family in some rural town. So they were not likely to press the matter with the police. They blustered and made a noise. But when their name, residence and business are taken down, and they found that all their night frolic was to come out in public print, they let the prosecution go. The panel thieves counted on this, and with cause; for it saved them many a time.

The panel women now are mostly whites, though, the place selected for operation in is usually a basement or parlor floor in a quiet neighborhood, the more respectable the better. Often panel-thieves hire a basement. The party who rents it, or who lives in the house does not know who his neighbors are. But usually it is for purposes we will name by and by.

All concerned are interested in the game. The room is papered and a panel cut in the paper, or one of the panels of a door opening into an adjoining room is fitted to slide softly. The room contains a bed, a single chair, and a few articles for chamber use—the whole not worth over fifty dollars. The bolts, bars, and locks are peculiar, and so made as to lock on the inside, though they do not. They really fasten on the outside. And while the visitor imagines he has locked all-comers out, he is really locked in himself, and cannot escape till he has been robbed.

A rural gentleman from the country leaves his hotel about ten o'clock at night to see the sights. He meets a neatly-dressed and fine looking woman, with whom he has a talk. She has a sad story to tell of domestic cruelty. She has been driven to the street, and never accosted a gentleman before, and would not now, did not want drive her to it. The country gentleman is captivated. His sympathies are touched. She incidentally names a modest sum for her company. He proposes a walk to look at her house. On the way the woman details some of her personal history, and in return finds out where her companion is from and whether he has money worth the trouble of taking him home to pluck. If he has not she makes some excuse to shake him as soon as possible, for she does not practice prostitution, save as a means for robbery.

She keeps up the role of an abused woman on her first street walk, and the man becomes quite social. The house is reached, is quite respectable, and in a decent neighborhood; so the parties enter. A plainly furnished room is seen, but all is neat, cozy, and tidy. As the woman takes off her bonnet and shawl, she is seen to be dressed plainly, but with very good taste. The door is carefully bolted, or supposed to be. The price agreed on is paid in advance, partly to see how full the wallet is stuffed, and partly that the man may have no occasion to take out his wallet till he gets to his hotel, or at least get out of the house, for he might find out that he had been robbed, and so make trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWAMPED BY A CYPRIAN.

George Nieber, of Cincinnati, Robs His Father and is "shook" by a Prostitute.

George H. Nieber, a well-known sporting character of Cincinnati, Ohio, was arrested last week on a charge of grand larceny made by his father. His father is a respectable citizen living at Carthage, and who, until his son ruined him, carried on a successful business as a builder in the West End.

George is but twenty-three years of age, and ever since he left the Chickering Institute, about five years ago, he has been going on the down grade at a very rapid rate. Once started, he was not long in falling in with a prostitute, and Lelia Ashley was chosen to fill the position. The next thing in order was to have a room among the fast boys at the corner of Race and Longworth streets. George dressed flashily and held his own beautifully, and was known among the thorough-bred sports as "good game," for he thought it a great honor when he could treat them or stand and talk with them on the street.

The names of George Nieber and Lelia Ashley were linked as one among the sports and members of the demi-monde, and on several occasions he was compelled to fight some rival in order to hold his own. Lelia, it is said, shared a good part of the wealth purloined by "her George," and occasionally when he was broke she would help him out with a five or ten dollar bill earned by her shame.

But within the past few weeks all has not gone well between the two, owing principally to the empty pocket-book displayed by George. Another young blood stepped in and played the part of "lover" to the frail Lelia, and the consequence was a regular row all around between the members of the Vine street crowd, which included George, who grew so desperate that one evening, in the hall at the Woods mansion, he "banged" Lelia in the eye. This made matters worse, and a day or two later he had a row with Sam Pearce, another one of the gang, who whipped him so badly that he had to go to his father's house and lay up a few days for repairs. He was pretty badly hurt, but by the good nursing of his mother and sister he was soon able to leave his bed and return to the city.

Before he had fully recovered, however, he sent a telegraphic message to Lelia, asking her to come out to Carthage and see him, as he was very low. He signed his father's name to the message, but Lelia couldn't be fooled, and in town she stayed. Finally he came to the city, and, having a little money, he went into the Woods mansion, and Lelia allowed him to treat her to a bottle of wine. This was on Saturday, and while with her George says he gave her \$200 of the money stolen from his father. He liked the girl, he said, and had made up his mind, as a last resort, to buy her back. She denies, however, that he gave her a cent of the money. George says he doesn't care whether his father prosecutes him or not.

JIM MARRIES MARY,

After a Suit for Seduction and a Verdict Against Him.

Last Friday the last act in the Griffey-Finney drama was enacted. It will be remembered Mary Griffey was a hired girl in the family of Mrs. Finney, and among the family was an old bachelor son of James R. The result was, Mary became a mother and the old lady sent her away. This made Mary mad. She consulted a lawyer and suit for breach of promise and seduction was brought against Finney for \$20,000. Able counsel was secured, and last January the trial came up and was a bitter one, every effort being made by both sides to gain all the advantage possible. The jury wanted to return a verdict for plaintiff for \$10,000, but finally concluded \$7,500 to be enough, and that was the result. The defense claimed that there were many errors, and asked for a new trial, which was granted. The matter appeared to drop out of public attention for a time, and a few weeks ago Finney and Griffey had a conference and compromised the matter. Friday James and Mary were married, and thus ends a case that has proved of great interest to all connected therewith.

'SHE STUCK FAST.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A very laughable case was tried in Judge Jecko's Court, St. Louis, recently, which drew a large crowd to the court-room. The defendant was Hattie Willis, of No. 413 Second street, who claimed to be the housekeeper of one Mollie Barnum. Officers Reilly and Mansfield, who arrested the woman, insisted that she kept the house herself. When the time for the defendant to testify arrived there arose out of the crowd a woman not less than 6 feet 3 inches tall, and weighing, she herself said, 452 pounds. She was sworn, and stood towering above every one in the court-room. When she went to take the witness stand she crowded into the witness chair. After giving her testimony she attempted to leave the chair but stuck fast. It required the united efforts of several officers to get her out. Judge Jecko fined her \$50 and costs.

COURTING ON THE GRAVE

Of a Dead Husband Causes a Half-Finished Epitaph.

One of the most romantic marriages on record took place in Louisville, by which Benjamin Ferguson, a stonecutter, was united to Mrs. Amelia Wagner.

The story of the courtship and marriage is a singular one, and plainly shows in what strange channels love will run. Several months ago the helpmate of Mrs. Wagner died, and his remains were buried in Cave Hill Cemetery in the family burying ground. Time passed swiftly by, and after daily visits to the cemetery Mrs. Wagner became convinced that a monument reared over the mound that covered her deceased helpmate would much improve the looks of things thereabouts. So she had a plain marble shaft erected over his grave. This remained there for some time, and Mrs. Wagner resolved that she would have some inscription carved upon the monument, setting forth the good qualities of the deceased, and leaving some memento of her affection. She looked around for some one to carve the inscription, and at length Ferguson was employed. He began work early in the morning, and during the day the disconsolate widow came to the cemetery to watch the progress of the work. The stonecutter was very much interested in the widow all the more from the fact that she had a very handsome face, and he thought it was his duty to console her. He paused frequently between the strokes of his hammer and offered her words of condolence, at the same time intimating to her that there was yet a bright page left in the book of life for her. By evening quite an intimacy was established between the two, the widow thinking what a nice fellow the stonecutter was, and wondering if there was not some way besides money in which she could repay him for his labors. On the other hand, he came to the conclusion that the most solid comfort he could offer her was by offering to take the place of her deceased husband.

He returned to his work the next day, and the widow also came. Matters were renewed upon a more solid footing than before, and by night a bargain had been made that the widow was to pay him for his labors by bestowing upon him her hand, and he was to occupy the place in her heart left vacant by the death of her husband.

On the third day after their meeting there was a quiet wedding and the two were made one. The inscription on the monument remains half completed, just as he left it on the second day. He will probably renew his labors on the epitaph as soon as his honeymoon is over.

HE WANTED TO SHOOT,

But Was Carried Out—A Lively Circus in Frankfort, Ky.

A few weeks since the City Council of Frankfort, Ky., raised circus licenses from \$35 to \$70. This amount Mr. Forepaugh refused to pay, and rented grounds just out of the city. The Council then passed an ordinance prohibiting the circus company from unloading in the city. The railway company last Friday sued out an injunction and had the order served on Mayor Taylor, restraining him from interfering with the unloading of the show. This order Mayor Taylor refused to obey, and with the aid of police, endeavored to stop the unloading. Sheriff Hawkins, seeing that he was powerless to enforce the order of the court, called on the Governor for aid, and the latter promptly ordered Captain Price to report to the Sheriff with the McCreery Guards. This he did, and when the militia arrived at the depot Mayor Taylor still refused to allow them to unload, and a riot was imminent. The Mayor said he would shoot the first man who attempted to take a wagon from the train. He was then carried by force from the scene, and the street taken possession of by the soldiers. The cars were unloaded and the parade took place. The military remained on guard until the circus left town.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Mr. T. L. Patterson, brother of United States District Attorney John C. Patterson, of Delaware, married, fifteen years since, a daughter of Mr. E. L. Rice, a prominent citizen of Wilmington. They went to Baltimore to live. He drank hard, and at last left his wife and child, saying he would not return or write till he had mastered his weakness. Nine years since, the body of a suicide at the Erie (Pa.) Hotel was positively identified by the wife and family as that of Patterson. The body was brought hither and buried in the family vault. The widow refused several offers of marriage. Lately Patterson wrote to friends inquiring for his wife and child. He wrote to his wife also. Patterson went from Baltimore to Texas, raised cattle, went to New Mexico, overcame his habit of drinking, made a fortune, and wrote for his wife and child, but the letter was lost. He thought himself forgotten. Indians captured and robbed him of everything. He escaped and wrote again to his wife. He will come next month to take her with him to the West.

DOG EAT DOG.

The Coming Canine Duel Between Louis Kreiger's Champion "Crib" and "Cockney Charley's" Pet, "Pilot"—Intense Interest Aroused, and Entire Confidence Insured by the Fact That Mr. Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the Police Gazette, is Final Stakeholder and is to Select the Referee.

One of the important sporting events which is attracting considerable attention in the sporting world is the great canine duel to be fought at a point within seven miles of Pittsburgh, Pa., during the last week in October.

The great match in question is between Louis Kreiger's champion dog "Crib," of Louisville, Ky., and Charles Lloyd's, better known as "Cockney Charley," dog "Pilot" of New York. The stakes are \$2,000, or \$1,000 a side, and Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE is final stakeholder and selects the referee. The dogs are said to be the best 28-pound fighting dogs in the world. Kentucky sports are confident they will win and stand ready with hundreds of dollars to back their champion. On the other hand there is any amount of funds ready to back "Pilot" and the sporting men of the East are sanguine that he will win.

The great match came about in this wise: Louis Kreiger, of Louisville, recently sent on a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE offering to match "Crib" against any dog in the world to fight a fair scratch-in-turn fight for \$1,000 a side.

The challenge was conditionally accepted through the POLICE GAZETTE by Charles Lloyd, better known as "Cockney Charley," wherein he agreed to match "Pilot" against "Crib" at 27½ pounds for \$1,000 and allow the backers of the Louisville canine one hundred dollars for expenses to fight near New York.

Kreiger at once sent the following business-like proposition to the POLICE GAZETTE:

"I will allow Lloyd \$100 expenses to fight near Pittsburgh and arrange a match to fight at 28 pounds and allow the POLICE GAZETTE to hold the stakes and Richard K. Fox to select the referee."

Lloyd at once accepted this challenge and posted \$500 with Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, and forwarded articles of agreement to Louis Kreiger. The protocol was signed and returned to the POLICE GAZETTE office with a certified check for \$500.

The following are the articles of agreement:

{ POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE,
New York, Sept. 1, 1881.

Articles of Agreement entered into this first day of September, A. D. 1881, between Louis Kreiger of Louisville, Ky., and Charles Lloyd of New York:

The said Charles Lloyd of New York hereby agrees to fight his brindle and white dog "Pilot" ears cut and tail on, against Louis Kreiger's of Louisville, white dog "Crib" ears and tail on at 28 pounds weight for one thousand dollars (\$1,000) a side. The said fight to take place on the 19th day of October, A. D. 1881, at or within a point of seven miles of Pittsburgh, Pa. The stakeholder or the referee to name the place of fighting. The dogs to be weighed at 7 o'clock A. M. on the day of fighting and to fight between 7 A. M. and 8 P. M., Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and to select the referee. The deposits to be made with Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, the final stakeholder, viz—The first deposit of five hundred dollars (\$500) a side on September 5, 1881, and the final deposit of five hundred dollars (\$500) a side to be posted with Richard K. Fox or his representative on the 19th day of October, 1881, and on the day and place of fighting Louis Kreiger to deposit five hundred dollars (\$500) to Charles Lloyd's four hundred dollars (\$400), there being an allowance of one hundred dollars (\$100) for Lloyd's expenses to and from Pittsburgh, Pa.; thus Louis Kreiger wagers one thousand dollars (\$1,000) to Charles Lloyd's nine hundred dollars (\$900).

The said Charles Lloyd and the said Louis Kreiger do hereby agree that should the authorities in any way interfere or try to stop or prevent the said battle that the referee shall have full power to name the next time and place of fighting. It is also agreed that the referee shall insist on the dogs being again weighed and the said weighing shall be within thirty minutes before the time named by the referee for the fight to be decided. Should there be any after interference the dogs shall again be weighed day after day and neither will be allowed to exceed 28 pounds in weight.

It is further agreed that the "handlers" shall each taste the other's dog and sponge them with a wet sponge. The sponge used shall then be squeezed into each others dog's mouth in order to prove there is no poison or pernicious drugs placed on them. After the dogs have been tasted neither of the sponges must be changed.

In pursuance of this agreement the said Charles Lloyd and the said Louis Kreiger do hereby agree to comply with the rules embodied in this agreement or forfeit the money now deposited with the stakeholder. It is also agreed that the battle shall be fought according to the POLICE GAZETTE's revised rules, viz:

POLICE GAZETTE'S RULES AND REGULATIONS TO GOVERN DOG FIGHTING.

RULE 1.—To be a fair scratch in turn fight.

RULE 2.—Both dogs to be tasted before and after fighting, if required.

RULE 3.—Both dogs to be shown fair to the scratch. Both dogs to be shown head and shoulders between each second's legs.

RULE 4.—Both seconds to deliver their dogs fair from between their legs, from beginning of fight to the ending, and not to leave their corners until the dogs are fighting.

RULE 5.—A time-keeper to be chosen in the pit; half minute time to be allowed between every fair go away; twenty-five seconds for sponging; and at the expiration of that time the time-keeper shall call, make ready; and as soon as the half minute be expired, the dogs to be delivered, and the dog refusing or stopping on the way to be the loser.

RULE 6.—Should either second pick his dog up by mistake, he shall put it down immediately, by order of the referee, or the money to be forfeited.

RULE 7.—Should anything pernicious be found on either dog, before or after fighting in the pit, the backers of the dog so found to forfeit; and the person or persons holding the battle money to give it up immediately when called upon to do so.

RULE 8.—Either dog exceeding the stipulated weight on the day of weighing, to forfeit the money deposited, the dogs to be weighed at the place of fighting.

RULE 9.—Should any police interference or any disturbance in any way, the referee shall name the next place and day by day until the fight be at an end.

RULE 10.—Both dogs to be washed in their own corners in warm water, with soap, soda, and if required, rinsed off with luke warm water.

RULE 11.—Then toss for washing; which ever may lose shall bring in the dog and wash him, and after being pronounced clean and dried, then the other dog shall be brought in at the expiration of five minutes and washed in same water, each handler to produce two clean towels, which shall be exchanged by each party.

RULE 12.—If both parties cannot agree upon place for fighting, then the stakeholder shall name the place.

Lloyd has arrived in Cincinnati and "Pilot" is being trained for the coming great struggle. The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent recently visited Cockney Charley and found him just returning from a tramp with his champion dog.

"Pilot" was covered with heavy flannels, his neck muffled with a thick flannel hood. Lloyd, better known as "Cockney Charley," is perhaps the most experienced dog-fancier in the world. He is a native of England, and is well informed in the breeding of fighting dogs. He took "Pilot" into a room and stripped off the heavy flannels. He then went to work rubbing the dog down with rough towels and sponges. After half an hour's vigorous rubbing the dog was bathed with hot water and liniment. Lloyd then laid a rough cloth over his body and covered him up for fifteen minutes. The dog seemed to enjoy it, showing no signs of uneasiness. Lloyd then called "Pilot" up. As he arose his muscles bulged out like bunches of whipcord.

"What do you think of that for condition?" Lloyd asked. "He weighs only twenty-six pounds. You can see that I have made him work. Look at him! ain't he in fine condition?"

"Pilot" is said by excellent judges in old England to be the best fighting bull-dog in the world. His disposition is very bad at times so that I can't even approach him, but he is a great pet of my wife's, as she feeds and takes care of him. When he is in his tantrums he will allow no one but her to attend to him."

"Isn't he rather blocky and short-legged?" "Oh, there's where the secret of his strength comes in. Don't you see it's hard to keep such a dog on the back. He'll be up and at it. His teeth are even and sharp as a razor." "Pilot" is brindle and white, and bred, Lloyd says, by John Holden, of the Red Lion Inn, Park street, Walsall, England, and is now two and one-half years old. He was got by R. Small's dog, Billy, of Sedgley, out of Tom Darby's Kit, and Billy's father was from Lane Billy, out of Tom Parson's Beauty. Beauty was out of Tom Beever's dog Joey. Joey was got by Joseph Inseley's Bear Dog, and the Bear Dog was bred by Sam Cooper, of West Hampton, out of Sam Cooper's dog Captain. He was bred by Fred Evans, of Wittenhall. Captain beat Philip Sautern's dog of Sedgley for £25 a side; John Hooley's dog of Manchester, 33 3-4 pounds, for £50 a side; George Rawley's dog Toby of Wednesbury, at 36 pounds 8 ounces, for £25 a side; George Rawley's Curley of Wednesbury, at 32 1-2 pounds weight, for £25 a side; John Wooley's dog of Manchester, at 35 pounds weight, for £50 a side; James Halford's dog Gallus, of Hall Green, near Bilston, at 34 pounds weight, for £30 to £20, in a stake of £100 and £10 to £50 in a bet. Captain took first prize twice in the dog show at Birmingham.

"Folks are apt to be deceived about 'Pilot,'" said Lloyd, "on account of his gentle appearance, but although he has never fought in a pit, when he gets there his backers will find him all right. In his numerous turnups and trials he has got away with every dog he has met without any trouble."

"Crib" is said to be a very tough fighter, and has proved himself victor in all his fights."

"That's all right," said Lloyd, "let them wait and see what 'Pilot' can do. More money has been bet on the result than any dog fight that has ever taken place in America or England to my recollection, and I have been in this business forty years."

A DOG-PIT.

A dog-pit is used both for dog fights and rat killing. It is about twelve feet long by seven wide, and has a bottom and sides of boards. It is situated usually in the rear of a drinking saloon, and has ascending seats of rough planks around it. A visit in the daytime will reveal a number of chained dogs, scarred by many battles, and a muggy smell of unexampled severity. With this effluvium is mingled in one locality the flavor of a bear and a baboon, who are sometimes introduced on the "benefit nights" of the owner, when dogs are matched for wagers, but are urged to an exhilarating set-to at so much a head admission. On these occasions the bear is "baited" in the old English style. The dogs attack him singly in turn, and the one who succeeds in holding his nose longest to the floor is considered the victor. The bear, being chained, fights to great disadvantage. Skillful dogs will sometimes creep between his fore-legs, drag down his snout, and cause him to turn a complete somersault. In this condition, held by the chain, he is powerless.

The baboon is always pitted against an inferior dog, and is furnished with a club. With this, and an insertion of the teeth in the back of his antagonist's neck, he makes a tolerable lousy fight. No animal of the monkey tribe, however, excluding the gorilla, is a match for a good fighting dog. He has not the same strength of jaw, and his hands are but a slight counterbalance to the teeth of his adversary.

HOW DOGS ARE TRAINED.

The training of fighting dogs requires considerable care and judgment. Pups are treated with light food until maturity, bread or mush with milk or grease being given, with scraps from the table, generally avoiding much meat, and then only in cooked form. No dog should be habitually fed with raw meat; it tends to costiveness and destroys elasticity.

When the dog has attained an age of full bodily vigor he is matched against another dog, and placed in training, which usually lasts from four to six weeks.

The weight of each dog is specified in the bet, and if he exceeds the amount by a quarter of a pound on presentation, his owner loses the stakes, unless the opposing owner waives his right and allows the fight to proceed.

The fighting weight of a bull-terrier is from 15 to 20 pounds. Sometimes it reaches 60 pounds. If a dog is not in a thoroughly healthy state at the commencement of training, he receives four grains of tartar emetic on his tongue or in his food, and is kept constantly moving till he vomits. If this dose does not operate, half a soda bottle of lukewarm salt and water is administered. After operation he is kept quiet, and dieted with calves-foot jelly and bran mash until his system becomes regular.

After that he is walked ten miles each morning and evening for five days, and on every return home has his feet washed, and is well rubbed for half an hour in the direction of the hair, from the brisket over the small of the flank and down the hind legs with the hands or a horsebrush. He then lies quiet for an hour. After the expiration of five days he is trained on the "wheel." An axletree is imbedded upright in the ground, projecting about two feet. On this is fitted a light carriage wheel, which has been covered with boards and encircled on a high rim, to prevent the dog from falling off. These boards are carpeted, that a purchase may be afforded for the feet of the dog, and that he may not slip. On being placed upon the wheel his slightest movement starts it, and he soon learns to run rapidly at the rate of ten miles an hour.

This exercise he enjoys hugely, and barks with delight at each return of it. Should he at first show an unwillingness to run, a rat in a cage is placed on the wheel at a distance, and in rushing upon it with endless effort, he soon acquires the desired habit. The wheel treatment he receives for two hours a day, morning and evening, until the training expires. He is kept continually at a top speed, that his legs and body may be well invigorated and his wind enduring. The rubbing and washing treatment already described is daily administered after each exercise.

A DOG TREAD-MILL.

In place of a wheel, a small tread-mill, the counterpart of a horse tread-mill, is sometimes used. A fishing-pole, with a rat or coon's tail at the end, is also employed. This is twirled around that he may chase it, but the operation is tedious to the trainer.

FOOD FOR A DOG IN TRAINING.

The diet of a training dog consists of beef broiled rare, and cut fine for good digestion. Occasionally a raw egg and a glass of sherry beaten together are added. Should a tendency to costiveness appear, lighter meat or mutton broth is given. The dog is not allowed to drink water. A few laps of water will often give a dog as much weight as a pound of meat. A thirst is assuaged with tea and toast.

WHICH BREED FIGHT BEST.

The best fighting dogs are bull-terriers.

They combine the strength and obstinacy of the bull-dog with the spirit and agility of the terrier, and are almost the only dogs in this country for the purpose. A desirable dog should have a full, bold eye, a nose tolerably long, a broad chest and thick, muscular tail, with tapering limbs, sinewy and firm. There should be no superabundant, loose skin upon him. Bitches fight on the average quite as well as dogs.

CHARLES A. HARRIMAN,

Champion Six-Day Walker of the World.

[With Portrait.]

C. A. Harriman was born at Whitefield, Me., April 22, 1853, stands 6 ft. 1 in. in height, and weighs 180 lbs. His career as a pedestrian commenced in the year 1868, at the Jefferson (Maine) Trotting Park, in a 200 yard foot race, in which he won, defeating seven starters. At the county fair at Hingham, Mass., he came in second in a half-mile race. At Lewiston, Me., in the month of April, 1872, he was matched against Paxton Allen, of Auburn, Me., to run the length of the bridge between Auburn and Lewiston, a distance of about 210 yards, for \$50 a side. This race was won by Harriman.

At Lewiston, Me., in the spring of 1873, he attempted to walk 100 miles in less than 24 consecutive hours. He covered the distance in 21h. 30m. On Feb. 19, 1878, at Haverhill, Mass., he walked square heel-and-toe 100 miles in 18h. 48m. 40s., without resting; thus beating all previous performances of the world. Following this he walked 150 miles in 36 hours at the same place.

His first appearance in New York was on May 10-11, 1878, in a 36-hour heel-and-toe race in the American Institute. He made the first 100 miles in 19h. 36m. 52s., then rested 17 minutes, after which he completed the race, walking 119 miles in 23h. 59m. 20s., and finishing 160 1-3 miles in 34h. 29m., when he left the track, beating Guyon, Ennis, and eleven others, winning the Challenge Belt, afterwards forfeited to Guyon. At Gilmore's Garden, in a 24-hour walk, on Oct. 7-8, 1878, he won the first prize, walking 106 3-8 miles in 22h. 35m. 11s., which is the greatest distance ever walked in America without resting.

At the Pearl Street Bink, Buffalo, N. Y., July 3, 1878, for a purse offered by a well-known gentleman of that city, he walked 100 miles in 20h. 43m. 40s., without resting. In the spring of 1879, at Mozart Garden, Brooklyn, N. Y., he walked 50 miles a day for three consecutive days, 10 hours each day. On the 12th day of October a challenge was issued and a copy sent to Daniel O'Leary, at Chicago, Ill., and a £10 draft was forwarded to the *Sporting Life*, London, Eng., to have a match for the Sir John Astley Belt, representing the Go-as-You-Please Long-Distance Championship of the World, which was held by O'Leary. He, being a little indignant, replied through the *Spirit of the Times* that he would walk Harriman whenever he posted his money, and also stated that pedestrians had challenged him with a view of making money from his reputation. Mr. Harriman being desirous of seeing if Mr. O'Leary meant business, issued a challenge to walk him a private match for \$1,000 for 24 or 30 hours' race, depositing \$100 with the New York *Clipper*, Jan. 4, 1879, but he declined to come up and fulfil his promise, although Harriman offered him all the stake money and gate receipts if he (O'Leary) could defeat him at either distance.

Harriman next competed in the Astley Belt race at Gilmore's Garden, March 10-15, 1879, in which he came in third.

In the O'Leary and Englehardt 75-hour race at Providence, R. I., Aug. 13-16, he won with a record of 283 miles, and defeated 41 competitors. At Newark, N. J., November 3-8, six days, 12 hours per day, heel-and-toe, with 32 starters, he won first prize and a costly gold watch, covering 342 1-2 miles, beating the record by ten minutes.

In the spring of 1880, in the Englehardt race at Cincinnati, O., in a 7-days' contest, 12 hours a day, he took second prize with a record of 421 miles. At Jamestown, N. Y., he won a 50 consecutive hours' race, making 215 1-2 miles in 48h. 50m., defeating Hart, Albert, Guyon, Panchot and fifteen others. In J. H. Haverly & Englehardt's race at Philadelphia, Pa., he won fourth prize, also a diamond scarf pin, the costume prize, and a costly silver cup for the best performance for the last 12 hours. At Syracuse, N. Y., in the month of June, in a 50-hour race, he won first money, covering 205 miles.

At Cincinnati, O., in the O'Leary heel-and-toe race, 12 hours a day for six days, Harriman won second prize, covering 352 miles. At Buffalo, N. Y., in the month of August, he won fifth prize with a score of 380 miles, six days, 12 hours a day, go-as-you-please. At Puytucket, R. I., in a 12-hour go-as-you-please, he won first money, covering 69 miles in 10h. 40m.

At Chicago, Ill., May 9-14, 1881, in the O'Leary six-days' heel-and-toe walking match at the Exposition Building, with a field of 24 starters, he took the lead at 50 miles and retained it to the end of the race, beating all previous records of the world for each and every day from start to finish, with a record of 530 miles, which gives him the proud title of Champion Long-Distance Heel-and-toe Walker of the World.

Recently in a 75-hour walking match with Daniel O'Leary, at Buffalo, N. Y., he was defeated. He then arranged a match at the POLICE GAZETTE office to walk 75 hours for \$500 and the Championship of America against Fred Krohne.



BULLING THE MARKET.

AN ANGRY TEXAN BULL RUSHES INTO A DRY-GOODS STORE AND CAUSES A SUDDEN RISE IN DRESS GOODS; NEW YORK CITY.



"GIT UP THAR, SAL!"

THE WAY A COUNTRY COUPLE, ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR, PROPOSED TO TAKE IN THE SIGHTS OF THE METROPOLIS; NEW YORK CITY.

She Loved Him Much!

At a late hour last Wednesday night Detective Boland, of the agency of Mooney & Boland, returned to New York city from Marquette, Mich., having in his charge Maurice C. Stettheimer, until recently a coupon clerk with Messrs. J. & W. Seligman, bankers at No. 94 Broadway, and by whom he is charged with the embezzlement of over \$30,000. About the 1st of the present month, Stettheimer was missed from his accustomed place in the firm's office. It was ascertained that he had left the city. Detective Boland learned that Stettheimer, under the name of Sands, had spent Sunday at the Grand Central hotel with a young lady about seventeen years old. He took an evening train for the west on that day. The detective started in the same direction Tuesday night, and at Utica he learned that they had gone to Detroit. On his arrival at the latter place he found that the party wanted had been stopping at the Michigan Exchange Hotel under the name of Smith. They had, however, left the hotel on Tuesday and taken passage on the steamer City of Cleveland for some point on Lake Superior. The police were then forty-eight hours behind, and the next steamer did not leave until Friday morning on account of a heavy fog. Thus the fugitives had a start of nearly sixty hours, and the chase was getting very interesting. Leaving Detroit, the steamer first stopped at Port Huron, but no trace could there be found of the eagerly sought pair. The next stop was at Sault Ste. Marie, where it was found that parties answering to their description had been guests at the Chippewa House. The detectives went down to the dock where the steamer India lay ready to sail, but detained by a storm. There the pursuers patiently waited and watched until late at night. Finally their vigilance was rewarded by the appearance of a young man and woman very closely answering the description of those whom they had been following. The latter gave the name of Stevenson, and said that they were going to Duluth, Minn. Securing their state-room, the couple immediately retired. The detectives, satisfied that they had their man safely housed, watched the state-room all night, not caring to make their mission known, as there was neither railroad nor telegraphic communication between Sault Ste. Marie and the outside world. By daylight the storm had somewhat subsided and the steamer proceeded on her way. The trip was a stormy and disagreeable one. About an hour before reaching Marquette, Stettheimer ventured from his state-room, evidently very sick from the effects of the heavy weather. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Detective Boland called him by name, and charged him with betraying the confidence of his employers and embezzling their property. Taken by surprise, Stettheimer admitted his identity at once and confessed his guilt, and asked that he might be permitted to communicate to the young woman who had accompanied him that he had been tracked and arrested. The officer consented, and a very affecting scene followed. Although the woman had been suffering terribly from sea sickness, she rallied at once. When told that all was discovered, she said: "I am glad the thing is over. I have prayed that we might



POLLY'S QUEENS—NO. FOUR.

JOSEPHINE D'ORME,

INTRIGUANTE, ACTRESS AND A HEROINE OF MANY LOVES.

not be pursued or overtaken, but as it has come, there is nothing for you to do, Maurice, but to go back to New York, confess what you have done, and take the consequences of your crime."

Stettheimer, following the advice given him by the young woman, asked that he might be taken to New York at once, and there do what lay in his power to repair the wrong he had done. The parties remained over night at the North Western Hotel, taking the train the following morning and arriving in this city as already stated.

Stettheimer, who is only twenty-five years of age, has admitted that he had embezzled about \$30,000 or \$35,000, of which he had lost almost every dollar in speculating in stocks.

The girl who accompanied him in his flight is about seventeen years of age and very handsome. She is well educated and refined, and although known her name is withheld on account of her family. There seemed to be a very strong attachment between Stettheimer and herself. The former said that he had met her under peculiar surroundings, and that he would have married, but certain reasons prevented. She did not seem to realize the predicament of her lover until he was taken in charge by the police, and the scene at the station when compelled to leave him brought tears to the eyes of all present.

Why Smith Didn't Bathe.

Henry Smith, who now lives in Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, has recently risen to comfortable circumstances. Formerly he lived in tenement quarters in New York city, and while there it was his custom to perform his ablutions in the rear yard. When he struck good luck and went to Philadelphia, he would not abandon his old habit. This did not please an old maiden lady who lived next door, and finding remonstrances unavailing, she provided herself with a pail of hot water, and when Mr. Smith came out to take his customary bath, she aided him by the contents of the pail hurled from a window. When Mr. Smith's back gets well, he will have a little house built for himself in the yard.

Hung Like a Pig.

Daniel B. Mellott, who more than six years ago was tried in Fulton county, Pennsylvania, for burning three of his children, is again charged with an act of brutality to one of his children in Bedford county. Mellott had given his child a coin to put in the Sabbath school collection box. It seems the child failed to do this, and took the money home again. This angered Mellott, and as a punishment he hung the little fellow up by the heels. Some person passing by cut him down and sent for a physician, but before he arrived the child was dead.



BEFORE HE WAS READY.

HOW AN OLD MAID EMPHASIZED HER OPINION OF A NEIGHBOR'S BATHING IN HIS BACK YARD, AND SQUELCHED HIS ENJOYMENT OF THAT PLEASURE; PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Harpooning a Floater.

(Subject of Illustration)

A most infamous piece of willful neglect on the part of the Coroner of Niagara Falls is the subject of comment and censure, both by strangers and residents there. He had allowed the body of one Crimmins, who jumped over the Falls recently, to remain three days completely at the mercy of the waves and a large quantity of heavy driftwood, to be beaten about against rock and timber until it was almost a shapeless mass. Last Thursday Officer Thomas Young, of the Ontario police, and Mr. Davis, of Table Rock, subscribed five dollars each to pay whoever would undertake to get the body. The hazardous undertaking was performed by E. D. Swalthout, and John Johnson, two guides who take tourists behind Horseshoe Falls. After two hours of hard work and several narrow escapes, they succeeded in harpooning it and drew it from the eddy in which it had been beating about for three days, and laid it on the rocks away from the water. The spectacle was the most shameful ever seen at Niagara Falls.

They wouldn't Ride on the Gol Darn Thing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

They were from the rural "districts" and had visited the great metropolis on their wedding tour. While in "York" they determined to see all there was to be seen, and to that end hailed a passing stage on Broadway. The Jehu reined up, expecting the couple to enter the stage, but such was not their intention. The female, greatly to the delight of the street gamins and others in the vicinity got on to the wheel and endeavored to clamber to the driver's seat. Her newly-made lord and master did his best to help his ducky darling and boosted for all he was worth. It was of no use, though a boot-black encouragingly swung his box, and yelled to the countryman to "whoop her up." After a desperate struggle the attempt was abandoned, and the pair walked off muttering that they "wouldn't ride on the gol darn thing no how, by goah!"

DANIEL ALMOND, of Custerwago township, Pa., an influential farmer, arrested his son, thirty years of age, for profane swearing. The young man intended going west, and wanted his father to give him his share of the land. This was refused, and the son grew very angry and while in this mood used some language that was fearful to the old gentleman's ears, so he had him arrested.

PIOCHE, Nevada, is the possessor of a big and well-filled graveyard, occupied exclusively by gentlemen who died with their boots on. In times past, when such burials were common the cemetery was kept in some style, but now that all the glory has departed from the mining town, the graves are neglected, and soon there will be no distinguishing features between the resting places of the old-timer, who slew his score of fellow-mortals, and the "tenderfoot," who received a death wound in his first affray.



HUNG LIKE A PIG.

HOW A BRUTAL FATHER PUNISHED HIS CHILD FOR NOT PUTTING HIS PENNY IN THE CHURCH BOX FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HEATHEN; FULTON COUNTY, PA.

Sporting News

With No. 213 of the
POLICE GAZETTE

will be presented a splendid engraving, containing six portraits of famous heroes of the stage. The picture will be suitable for framing and make a handsome addition to any room. Newsdealers should order an extra supply of above number at once. Paper and supplement mailed on receipt of 10c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

It is claimed that Hindoo is coughing.
COURTNEY has decided to row Trickett.

JOHN McMAHON, the wrestler, has arrived in New York.

A MOVEMENT is now on foot to time races by electricity.

MANY claim that Iroquois will win the Cesarewitch. He will have to carry 117 pounds.

AUSTRALIAN sporting men are raising funds for Elias C. Laycock to row Edward Hanlan.

CHARLES WISTER, of Philadelphia, has sold his bay gelding Felton for a reported sum of \$10,000.

W. O'KEEFE, for walking at the Caledonian games, has been expelled from the Manhattan Athletic Club.

THE well-known race-horse, Knight Templar, by Fellowcraft, from Emma Johnson, has broken down.

L. E. MYER's great feat of running 300 yards in 31 1/2 sec., proved an eye-opener to the English athletes.

A DISPATCH from Belleville states that the sloop Atalanta will leave there for New York about the 1st inst.

It is expected that Charles Reed's Thora will beat both Hindoo and Crickmore at the Baltimore race meeting.

ARCHER, the champion English jockey, from March 2 to September 2, has had 343 mounts, lost 204 and won 139 races.

THE American Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting, at Jerome Park, will take place Sept. 24 and 28, and Oct. 1, 4, 6, 8, 11.

NEGOTIATIONS are being made for a sculling match between Weisgerber of West Virginia and Boll of Pittsburgh for \$1,000.

A RACE is to be arranged between the British cutter Madge and some of the third-class yachts of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club.

AT Milford, Mass., recently, John Crohan defeated Joseph Wheatley in a dash of 100 yards, winning by 4 yards, in 11 1/2 s.

ALL the pool-sellers have again invaded Hunter's Point, greatly to the delight of the business portion of the community.

LUCY won the pacing race for the \$1,500 purse at Morrisania, beating Rowdy Boy, Mattie Hunter and Bay Billy. Fastest heat 2:18 1/4.

MR. ARTHUR HUNTER has sold to Mr. B. W. Williams the bay colt Herald, two years old, son of Saxon and Chignon, by Balrowie.

ANDRE CHRISTOL, the wrestler, is stopping at Louisville. He was recently defeated by Clarence Whistler in a Græco-Roman match.

EDWIN BIBBY issues a challenge to wrestle William Muldoon, Clarence Whistler or any man in America Græco-Roman, for \$1,000.

CHECKMATE is at Sheephead Bay, being carefully prepared for the Jerome Park meeting, where he will score more than one victory.

LARRY FOLEY, the light-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, offers to fight any light weight in the world for \$500 and the championship.

MARK SIMONTON, the popular proprietor of the Kentucky Turf Exchange at Covington, Ky., was recently fined \$200 for keeping a pool-room.

THE National Fair Association of Washington, D. C., will hold a fall running meeting November 1, 2, 3, and 4, four events being decided each day.

It is believed in Toronto that the Halifax pair, Conley and Hamm, will issue a challenge shortly for a double-scull race with Davis and Kennedy.

WAHLSTROM, the champion pool player, has been sent to the insane asylum at Blackwell's Island, New York. His trouble was caused by the "cup."

HENRY SAVILLE, the owner of Cremorne, one of the famous Derby winners, is dead. Cremorne will, with the rest of Saville's stable, be sold at auction.

THE Chicago Base Ball Club will again float the league base ball champion pennant, for no club now struggling for the trophy can beat the champions.

MICHAEL RUSH offers to back the brothers McDonald to row Elias Laycock and any other man in Australia a double-scull race in light skiffs for \$1,000.

FELTON, Charles Wister's bay gelding, is said to have trotted a quarter mile, at a private exhibition in 29 1/2 s., at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, Aug. 15.

EDWIN BIBBY, the champion English catch-as-catch-can wrestler, intends to make Wm. Muldoon and Clarence Whistler wrestle on their arrival in New York.

MR. J. SHEPPARD's team, Blondin and Mill Boy, trotted a full mile at Beacon Park in 2:22 on Sept. 23, thus beating Mr. Vanderbilt's record by a full second.

AT Lynn, Mass., recently, the five-mile running race between John McGaffee of Lynn and John Meagher of Lawrence was won by the latter in 40m.

AMY HOWARD, the female champion pedestrian, is out with a challenge to walk Carrie Anderson from one mile to five hundred for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

AT the international rowing regatta at Toronto, despite the drawbacks, there was great rowing. Wallace Ross fully sustained his international reputation.

A MATCH has been made between Trickett and

Plaisted, to take place on October 8, near St. Louis, Mo., for \$500 a side. Trickett leaves Toronto, taking with him a boat built by Warren.

WALL COURTNEY, of Stark's Point, Washington Territory, stands 6 feet 3 inches in height and weighs 212 pounds. He offers to fight any pugilist in America for \$1,000 a side.

DETROIT is red-hot for a league team next year. It will have Williamson for a third baseman. Chicago having consented not to "reserve" him, in order that he may go there.

GREAT interest is manifested in England over the prize fight between Jim Carney and James Highland, who are matched to fight for £100 and the championship of light weights.

TOM McALPINE, the pugilist, has arrived in Chicago. He will proceed to Denver, Col., to train Charley Norton, the light-weight champion, to fight Murphy, the Colorado champion.

THE 500-yard swimming match between E. T. Jones of Leeds and William H. Beckwith of London, for \$1,000 a side was settled at Waterloo Lake, Leeds, Eng. Jones won easily in 6m. 34s.

JIM CARNEY and Jimmy Highland, the English light-weight champions, are matched to fight at 128 pounds for £100 and the light-weight championship of England. After the battle Highland will come to this country.

E. W. JOHNSON and Duncan C. Ross, now that the season for Scottish games is over, have resumed the wrestling business. They are to oppose Moore and Brink of Chicago, in a four-cornered scheme in that city September 24.

AT Waverly, N. J., a Lacrosse match was played between the Princeton and Staten Island Clubs, and was won by the latter. The Bloomfield Club defeated a picked team, and then the Tyrone Club of Staten Island beat the Bloomfield men.

WORCESTER and Troy will probably remain in the Base Ball League next year, though there is an evident desire on the part of the other league clubs that they should draw out and give place to New York and Philadelphia, both of which places are ready to step in.

It is understood that Vint, Hughes and Hart will start in the Ennis six-day walk. Rowell may also be a starter. Should the latter do so he will have to call the Vint-age and muster plenty of "Hart" or else in the middle of the race he will find himself "Hughes" up.

ED. MCGILINCHY of Bridgeport, Conn., has not yet accepted the challenge of Tom Donahue, who offered to fight him for \$500 a side at catch-weights. Ed. McGilinchy refused to break the State laws of Connecticut by meeting Thomas Donahue in the prize ring for \$1,000.

MISTAKE is well in the Cesarewitch. He is four years old and only handicapped with 107 pounds up. It must not be forgotten that he ran third in the Great Metropolitan with 110 pounds up, and would have won if the jockey had not "missed the distance" from the finish.

IROQUOIS won the St. Leger easily, adding the white ribbon of the British turf to the blue one he carried away in triumph from the Epsom Downs—a task which nine only had accomplished in eighty years, and at which Mameluke and Priam, Hermit and Doncaster had failed.

SHINKEL, whom the rest of the Cornell crew tried to make a scapegoat, followed his accusers to this side of the water. He came home like an honest man to confront those who sought to blast his reputation. He challenges his late associates to prove what they assert, and promises to make it warm for them in the courts.

JAMES R. BABY of Olland, Yorkshire, who defeated Eugene Merrill at the English amateur championship games July 16 last, has joined the professional ranks, making his debut in an eight-mile sweepstakes walk, \$125 each, with Arthur Hancock and William Perkins, at the Prince of Wales Grounds, Bow, London. Hancock won easily in 1h. 3m. 17s.

THE executive committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen has forwarded circulars to the various clubs belonging to the organization, asking them to contribute to a fund for defraying the expenses of the Hillsdale four-oared crew to England as the representatives of the association. During the past three seasons the Hillsdales have swept everything before them.

HAMM and Conley, who won the double-scull race at the Toronto regatta, defeating Trickett and Gaudreau, have issued a challenge to Davis and Kennedy of Portland, for a double-scull race, three miles and a turn, for \$1,000 a side. The race to come off this season at Bedford Basin. The challenge is to remain open for one week. Two hundred dollars have been deposited with bankers here.

THE Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association have disallowed the protest of Mr. Ransome Rathbone of Brooklyn against Mr. Rabbeth of Boston, in the Wimbledon Cup match which was shot during this year's fall meeting. They also declared inadmissible the protest of Mr. G. L. Morse in the champion's match, entered against Walter Scott. Both protests were decided according to the rules.

COURTNEY writes that he is willing to row Trickett, but that he has two more regatta engagements to fill before he can go into close training. He says Saratoga will suit him as the rowing water, and he prefers some date about the middle of October, the 14th being satisfactory to him. Courtney would also accept a challenge from Conley, of Halifax, and will also row Hamm of the same place, the stakes in either or both matches to be \$1,000 a side, and the distance two or three miles.

CHARLES A. HARRIMAN, of Haverhill, Mass., the champion six-day walker of the world, and Fred Krohne, the famous heel-and-toe walker, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently and posted a deposit of \$100 a side and signed articles of agreement to walk heel-and-toe, seventy-five hours, for \$250 a side and the championship of America. Richard K. Fox is final stakeholder. The second and final deposit is to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 24th inst. The contest is to begin at the Aquarium, Sept. 28, and end Oct. 1.

THE club-swinging match for a purse of \$300 and the championship of America between Prof. Kimball of Rochester and Gus Hill, the champion, was decided at the National Theatre in the Bowery on Sept. 22. A large crowd was present, as a close contest was anticipated. Kimball did not come up to the expectations of his friends. Kimball's time, style and evolutions did not begin to compare with the science displayed by Gus Hill, and although he had three trials, he was no match for the champion.

and W. E. Harding, the POLICE GAZETTE sporting editor declared Hill the winner.

TURF sports have been patronized so far this season, and the racing, both in quality and quantity, has been up to, if not ahead, of other years. The steeple chases, however, have been, with one or two exceptions, farces, an abomination to all sporting men who have seen great cross-country contests, or have a true idea of what such races should be. It seldom fails to happen that, ere the race is half over, incompetent or drunken jockeys and half-schooled horses make such an exhibition as would better become the mountebank feats of the clown and "the educated mules" at a traveling country show.

THE POLICE GAZETTE correspondent writes from Denver that there is quite a breeze in sporting circles in Colorado over a proposed prize fight between Charley Norton, of New York, the light-weight champion, and Bryan Campbell, formerly of Wilkesbarre, Pa. It appears that ever since the battle between Murphy and Campbell fell through, the latter has claimed to be the champion pugilist of Colorado and declared his willingness to fight any man in the world at 130 or 133 pounds. A notable sporting man sent on to New York for Norton, and now the champion has arrived; there is every probability of a match being arranged.

E. W. JOHNSON and Duncan C. Ross, the Canadian athletes, are giving wrestling exhibitions throughout the West. At nearly every exhibition these athletes fool the public by announcing that Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist of the world, will appear. It is needless for us to state that Paddy Ryan never authorized these parties to bill him and that he has never been on a sparring tour. Ryan will appear at McCormick's Hall, Chicago, on Saturday evening, October 1, when he will appear in a glove contest with Captain James Dalton, the pugilist that Sullivan knocked out of time in three rounds. Dalton stands 5 feet 11 1/2 inches in height and weighs 175 pounds. He is the only pugilist so far that has made the Boston champion do his best.

RICHARD K. FOX, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has offered a \$100 gold medal to be competed for by the Chicago heavy-weight pugilists in a grand glove contest, Queensbury rules, three rounds. The medal will be typical of the heavy-weight championship of Illinois, and will have to be won three times in succession before it becomes the sole property of any pugilist. The trophy bears the following inscription:

CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT MEDAL FOR BOXING
OF ILLINOIS.

PRESENTED BY THE "POLICE GAZETTE"
OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER.

The first contest will take place at McCormick's Hall, Chicago, at the benefit of Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist of America, Oct. 1.

NEW YORK is to be again invaded by the long distance pedestrians, and in the third week in October John Ennis will marshal all the best six-day pedestrians in the world at Madison Square Garden. As the racing season is about over and the sporting public have had a long rest there is every probability of the event being a success. The prizes offered, are capital inducements to the pedestrians, and it all remains in the quality and not the quantity of the pedestrians to make the affair a grand success. Ennis has made quite a new departure in arranging the tournament, and he has decided to offer the winner, providing he beats Robert Vint's best in the world record, 57h 1/4 miles, a beautiful cup valued at \$500. The trophy will not have to be continually competed for, but the pedestrian winning it can retain and treasure it the rest of his days. If Vint, Hughes and Hart start with Rowell what a great six-day record will be made!

PROF. WM. C. MCCLELLAN, the noted pugilist, whose battles with Mike Donovan and other pugilists created so much excitement have decided again to enter the arena. McClellan is a middle-weight pugilist and ready to fight any middle weight in America, but the festive boniface of John street is not yet ready to issue an open challenge until he conquers or has conquered the pugilist who now claims to be middle-weight champion of America. The target McClellan is shooting at is George Rooke, the clever 154-pound pugilist who fought Hussey, Charley Collins, Matt Moore and Denny Harrington. McClellan says he can whip Rooke and agrees to furnish a purse of \$2,000 to fight for or meet Rooke in the arena and battle for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Rooke styles himself champion of middle weights and will not fight. It appears strange that a pugilist of George Rooke's class, a champion of middle weights, who at one time was matched to fight Tom Allen, the champion of America, should refuse to meet McClellan who never had the title of middle-weight champion to his name, but who is now ready to win or wear it. Should McClellan issue a regular official challenge and post forfeit Rooke will either have to repudiate or accept the def. Should Rooke fail to meet McClellan in the arena after the latter has challenged and "produced" why the public will claim Rooke is afraid and they will forget all about the middle-weight division of the pugilistic brigade. McClellan wants to fight and he claims Rooke is afraid.

THE prospect of H. M. Dufur, the collar-and-elbow wrestler of Marlboro, Mass., and John McMahon, of Rutland, Vt., meeting in the arena in a struggle for the collar-and-elbow championship and \$1,000 a side is now in the purple distance. Dufur claimed he would meet McMahon if the latter would issue a challenge and back it up with cash to prove business was intended. McMahon's backer was notified of this fact and he posted \$100 with the POLICE GAZETTE and issued a regular challenge agreeing to meet the invincible tripper of the East in a match for \$1,000 and the title. We expected Dufur would accept the challenge as he informed us that he would do so, but he failed even to reply to the challenge. Dufur, by his strange action in the matter, forfeited all claim to the title of collar-and-elbow champion of America, according to the rules governing championship contests published by the POLICE GAZETTE, which reads as follows:

"A champion of all branches of sports, viz., rowing, pedestrianism, wrestling, boxing, etc., to hold that title must always stand ready to defend his claim against all comers who may challenge him.

"Should the challenger, however, on issuing a challenge fail to post a forfeit or deposit a sufficient sum with the def. it is void.

"But should the challenger post a forfeit with his challenge and the amount is deposited with a responsible person and the challenge not accepted within two weeks from its issue then the challenger shall claim the title and the former champion will be compelled to relinquish all claim to the title."

The proposed fight between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, and Paddy Ryan, the Champion Pugilist of America, for \$10,000 and the Championship of the World, is creating unusual interest in sporting circles. Sullivan is eager to meet Ryan in the arena, and the

conqueror of Joe Goss is equally anxious to meet Sullivan. Mike McDonald, of Chicago, has \$5,000 ready to match Sullivan, while Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, has given Wm. E. Harding, Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, power to put up \$5,000 and match Ryan against Sullivan. McDonald sent Charley Davies, of Chicago, to New York to meet Ryan at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 23d inst. to arrange the match, and the meeting was postponed until the 24th inst., when the parties met to arrange the match. Davies had \$1,000 ready to put up for Sullivan, and the POLICE GAZETTE representative also had \$1,000 to post for Ryan. A tremendous crowd assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office to witness the arranging of a match. The crowd comprised sporting men, merchants, pugilists, turfmen and all classes. Among the crowd could be seen Billy Madden, the Chesterfield pugilist; Sullivan's trainer, Martin Neary; Jack Styles, the noted "gambler"; Johnny Roche, once a noted pugilist who trained Sam Collyer and other noted pugilists; Roche also trained Ryan when he defeated Joe Goss; "Rhody" Brassell; James Keenan, the great Boston sporting man; Wm. Stevenson; Owey Geoghegan, the noted ex-pugilist; Bowers sporting man; Bob Smith, the trainer and pugilist; Harry Hill, the noted sporting man of Houston street; Mark Maguire, of Poole and Morrissey fame, and a host of others. Great interest was manifested in the affair, and the halls and corridors of the POLICE GAZETTE office and the sidewalks in front of the building were packed with sporting men eager to catch a glimpse of Sullivan, who is said to be the greatest pugilist in the world to-day, and Paddy Ryan, who proved himself a wonder and capable of being a champion by the game and desperate battle he made when he defeated Joe Goss. At 1 p. m. the meeting commenced, and Davies and Madden represented Sullivan, and Ryan was present to dictate any point Harding might forget, who represented Richard K. Fox in the interest of Ryan. Harding had a certified check for \$1,000 and a copy of articles of agreement. Harding said:

"These are the same conditions Mace and Coburn and Ryan and Goss fought by, and according to these conditions I will, on behalf of the POLICE GAZETTE, match Ryan to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 and the Championship of the World."

Chas. Davies objected, on the ground that the articles stipulated that the final stakeholder must be selected at the posting of the final deposit. He said that that official must be selected at once. Harding said he would not deviate from those conditions; that he would agree to either James Keenan, of Boston, Wm. McMullen, of Philadelphia, and Wm. Hastings, for temporary stakeholders, or he would make the match at once if Davies would agree to Harry Hill. Davies then named Bemis, of Chicago, Watts, of Louisville, McMonigle, of Philadelphia, Fitzsimmons, of Chicago, Emmett, of Chicago, or Al Smith, of New York.

Harding said any of those parties could be temporary stakeholder, but he would not agree to anyone else but Harry Hill for final stakeholder. Ryan was eager to see the match made, while Billy Madden was just as eager, for he claimed Sullivan was eager to fight. Harding was immovable, and said if Harry Hill was responsible for the stakes in the great \$5,000 battle between Mace and Coburn he could be also responsible in this match. He said he was representing the POLICE GAZETTE and \$5,000 belonging to Richard K. Fox, and that he was bound to carry out the programme.

Davies said Harding did not mean business. Then, said Harding, here is the regular championship articles Goss and Ryan fought by; here is \$1,000 to deposit; name anybody responsible for temporary stakeholders and make the match. Davies said he had instructions not to agree on a temporary stakeholder. Then, said Harding, name Harry Hill and I will make the match. Finally Davies agreed to telegraph to Chicago, asking McDonald if he would agree upon Harry Hill for final stakeholder.

While awaiting a reply Ryan said: "I hope the match will be made, because I am anxious to meet Sullivan. I now weigh 230 pounds, and it will take me four months to reduce myself to fighting weight."

It was agreed to meet at Harry Hill's in the evening. At 10 p. m. Davies appeared there with a reply from McDonald that he would not agree to Harry Hill. Again Messrs. Harding and Davies argued the point. Davies named McMonigle of Philadelphia, Bemis of Chicago, owner of Little Brown Jug, and Watts of Louisville. Harding objected, and named Billy McMullen, James Keenan, of Boston, or Bill Hastings, for temporary stakeholders, but Davies said his orders were no temporary stakeholder.

"Well, then, you can make no match unless you agree to Harry Hill, who is responsible, and has held that position before. It is not my \$5,000, and I am going to see that it is in good hands."

Harding then produced \$1,000 and gave it to Harry Hill on behalf of the POLICE GAZETTE, saying: "Now Ryan's money is up, and any time you want to agree that Harry Hill shall hold the stakes I will be ready to make the match, but under no other conditions." Davies agreed to again telegraph to McDonald and meet Harding on the 25th inst. at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

There was great disappointment because the match was not arranged, and Ryan left for Troy. Both men are anxious to fight, and no blame can be attached to either Ryan or Sullivan because the match was not made.

On the afternoon of the 25th, according to agreement, W. E. Harding, representing the POLICE GAZETTE, and Paddy Ryan, met with Charles Davies, of Chicago, and Billy Madden, who represented McDonald, of Chicago. Sullivan's backer, met at the POLICE GAZETTE to complete arrangements for the prize fight for \$10,000 and the Championship of America, between Sullivan and Ryan. Davies stated that he would go to Chicago and see McDonald, and that if Harding would allow Harry Hill to hold the \$1,000 belonging to the POLICE GAZETTE for a week there was every probability of the match being arranged. Harding said Ryan wanted to fight and the money was ready, and that he would leave the \$1,000 with Hill until the 5th prox., and he forwarded the following letter.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1881.

HARRY HILL, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—The POLICE GAZETTE has decided that you shall hold the one thousand dollars (\$1,000) deposit for Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 a side and the Championship of the World. I will leave the amount in your hands until Oct. 5th 1881, and will arrange the match when Sullivan's backers agree you shall be final stakeholder.

W. E. HARDING.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1881.

Received from W. E. Harding a certified check for \$1,000 on behalf of the POLICE GAZETTE part of stake to match Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 a side and the Championship of the World.

(Signed) HARRY HILL.

26 East Houston street.

On Oct. 5th the representatives of the pugilists will meet again when, if Harry Hill is agreed on for final stakeholder, the match will be made. Harry Hill is a responsible man, and as he has held the stakes before in just as important a match he should suit in this one.

CORRESPONDENCE.

With No. 213 of the
POLICE GAZETTE
will be presented a splendid engraving, containing six portraits of famous beauties of the stage. The picture will be suitable for framing and make a handsome addition to any room. Newsdealers should order an extra supply of above number at once.
Paper and supplement mailed on receipt of 10c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

SPORTING.

J. A. CRAWFORD, Wahoe, Neb.—John McMahon was born in Bakersfield, Va. 2. No.

W. G. Elmira, N. Y.—Myers' time in the 300 yard race at Mott Haven, N. J., on Sept. 17, 1881, was 51 1-2s. 2. It is the best on record.

M. W. Troy, N. Y.—Fred. Krohne was beaten by Geo. Dufrane in the 26-hour race at Poughkeepsie. Score, Dufrane 118. Krohne 102.

GEORGE, Watertown, N. Y.—1. Billy Edwards, the ex-champion pugilist, has retired from the ring. 2. No. 3. Send for the "Life of John Morrissey."

P. D. Albany, N. Y.—1. A contest in the ring will have to decide that point. 2. Sullivan has never fought a regular prize fight. 3. Coburn is living at Auburn, N. Y.

M. W. Boston, Mass.—1. The St. Leger was instituted in 1776, and the Derby in 1780, and the winner of the Derby has also won the St. Leger only ten times. 2. Hindoo was considered off.

BILLIARDIST, Boston.—Slosson and Schaefer played 4,000 points up for \$2,000 on April 15, 1881. 2. The game was won by Schaefer, and he made the largest run, 342. 3. Champion rules.

S. W. Chicago, Ill.—1. George Hazael was born in London, Eng., Nov. 22, 1845. 2. He covered 100 miles in 15h. 55m. at London, Eng., April 21-23. 3. It was in the second race for the Astley Belt.

W. S. Rochester, N. Y.—Hanlan was never defeated by Wallace Ross in a match race for the single scull championship. 2. You can be supplied with the "Life of Hanlan" by sending 30 cents to this office.

S. W. Chicago.—The American Rifle team that won the Centennial Trophy at Creedmore, L. I., Sept. 13 and 14, 1876, were T. S. Dakin, L. Weber, H. Fulton, D. Rathbone, I. L. Allen, H. A. Gildersleeve, J. Bodine and William B. Farwell. 2. America, Ireland, Scotland, Australia and Canada competed.

W. C. Chicago, Ill.—If Sullivan whips Paddy Ryan in a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, then he will be champion. 2. No one can decide which is the best man until they have met in the ring. Sullivan may be "a surprise party," but it is the difference in opinion, of course, that makes the match. Ryan holds the championship, and will continue to hold it unless Sullivan compels him to lower his colors. 3. The POLICE GAZETTE is backing Ryan, and the match will be made.

S. G. Boston, Mass.—1. Joe Wormald never fought Jem Mace. 2. He fought a draw with Jack Smith, Jem Mace's Wolf, 113 rounds in 4h. and 20m., at London, England, May 25, 1868. Beat George Hes in 24 rounds in 2h. 8m. in London, England, June 15, 1864, beat Andrew Marsden for \$400 and the champion belt in 18 rounds, 8h. 7m. At Harley, Eng., Jan. 4, 1865, forfeited \$120 to Jem Mace. In America fought one round with Ned O'Baldwin at Lynnfield, Mass. Police interfered and he forfeited to O'Baldwin.

J. L. DAWITT, Lehigh, Iowa.—Hanlan and Courtney have only rowed one match race. 2. It was for \$2,000, five miles, and was rowed at Lachine, Canada, October 3, 1878, when Hanlan won easily. 3. Hanlan and Courtney were then to row for a purse at Maysville, N. Y., but Courtney's boat was injured and the race ended in Hanlan rowing over the course. On May 10, 1880, at Washington, Hanlan beat Courtney in a race for a purse of \$8,000. Hanlan rowed the five miles in 38m. 46 2-5s. Courtney stopped after rowing two miles.

M. H. Portland, Me.—Walter Brown first won the single scull championship of America, on May 21, 1867, when he defeated James Hamill, of Pittsburg. 2. Hamill regained the title on Sept. 9, 1867, by defeating Brown by an alleged foul at Newburg, N. Y. Walter Brown again won the title by beating Henry Coulter on Sept. 9, 1868. 3. The following oarsmen have held the single scull championship: Joshua Ward, James Hamill, Walter Brown, George Brown (of Halifax), Eva Morris, Wm. Scharff and Edward Hanlan. 4. Chas. E. Courtney never held that title.

S. W. Scranton, Pa.—1. Joe Coburn challenged Tom King to fight for \$10,000, in 1864. 2. King refused to meet the American champion, claiming he had retired from the ring. Coburn then extended to the then claimant of the English championship, Jem Mace, Coburn offering to pay him \$1,000 for expenses if he would fight in the British provinces on this continent. This Mace declined to do, but after considerable correspondence had passed between them, articles were signed to fight in Ireland for £1,000, Coburn to receive £100 for expenses. 3. Coburn went to Ireland to meet Mace, but the match ended in a fiasco, owing to Mace refusing to agree to a referee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Canada Fur Store—E. Morris & Co.
Beg to notify the Ladies and Madames of New York that they will find at No. 18 West Fourteenth Street, a full assortment of Seal and Otter Scaques and Dolmans, Fur lined garments in Squirrel, Ermine, etc. Capes, Uffa, Gauntlets, Children's Furs, Coachmans' Capes and Fur trimmings in all its varieties, which for workmanship and finish are unsurpassed in the city.
Repairing, altering and re-dyeing scaques equal to new.
Goods warranted as represented.

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Judge for Yourself—If you wish to see the
picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage, give your age, color of eyes and hair, and send 35c. money or 40c. postage stamps to W. Fox, box 33, Fultonville, N. Y.

Gospel Prize Meeting every evening at
138 Hamilton, ave., South Brooklyn. Peter Dwyer will have charge of the meeting. All are welcome!

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Law, 94 Center st., New York. All criminal and civil cases promptly attended to.

Zenas M. Swift, Attorney and Counselor,
American Block, Buffalo, N. Y. Criminal law a specialty.

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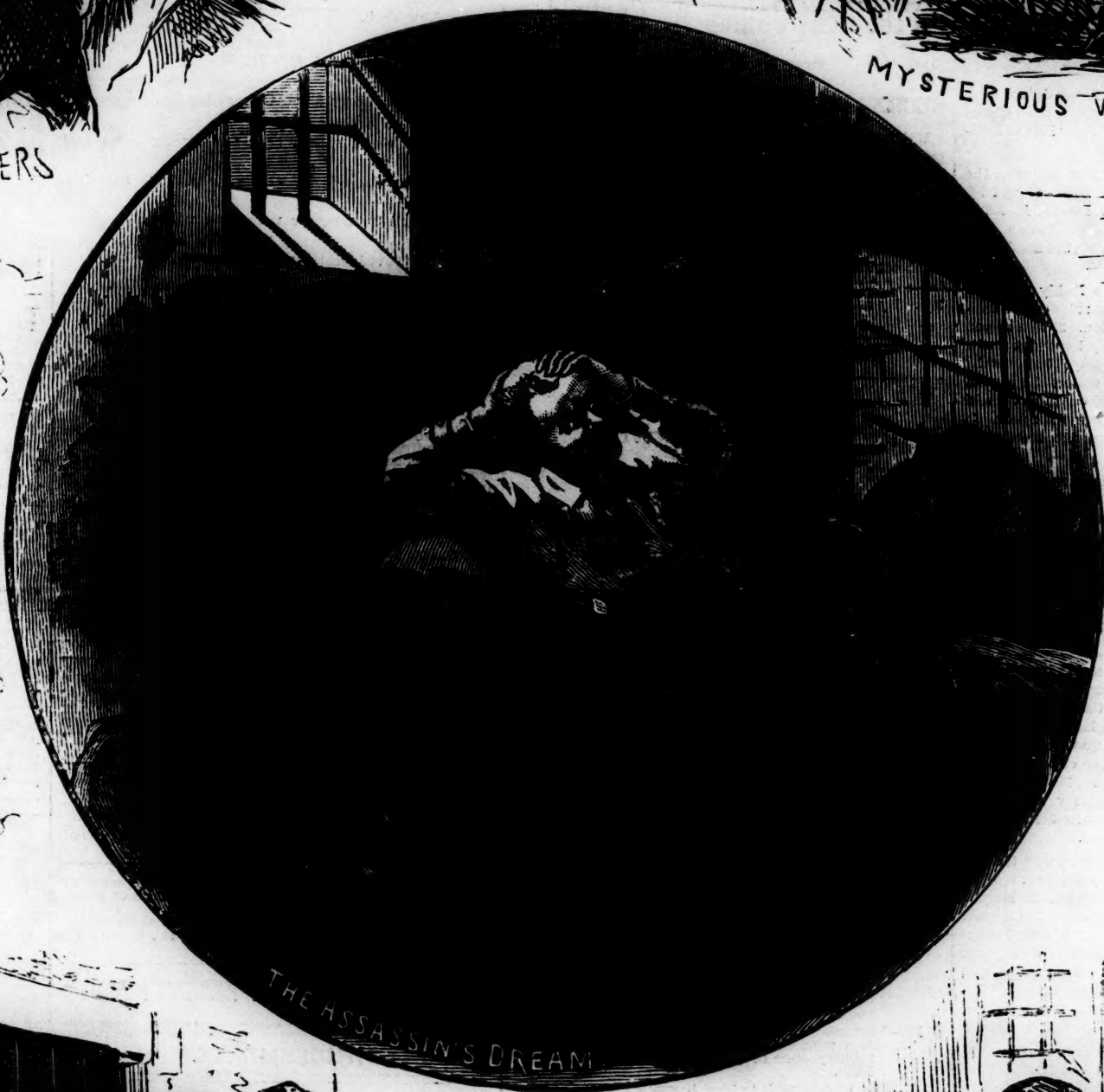
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